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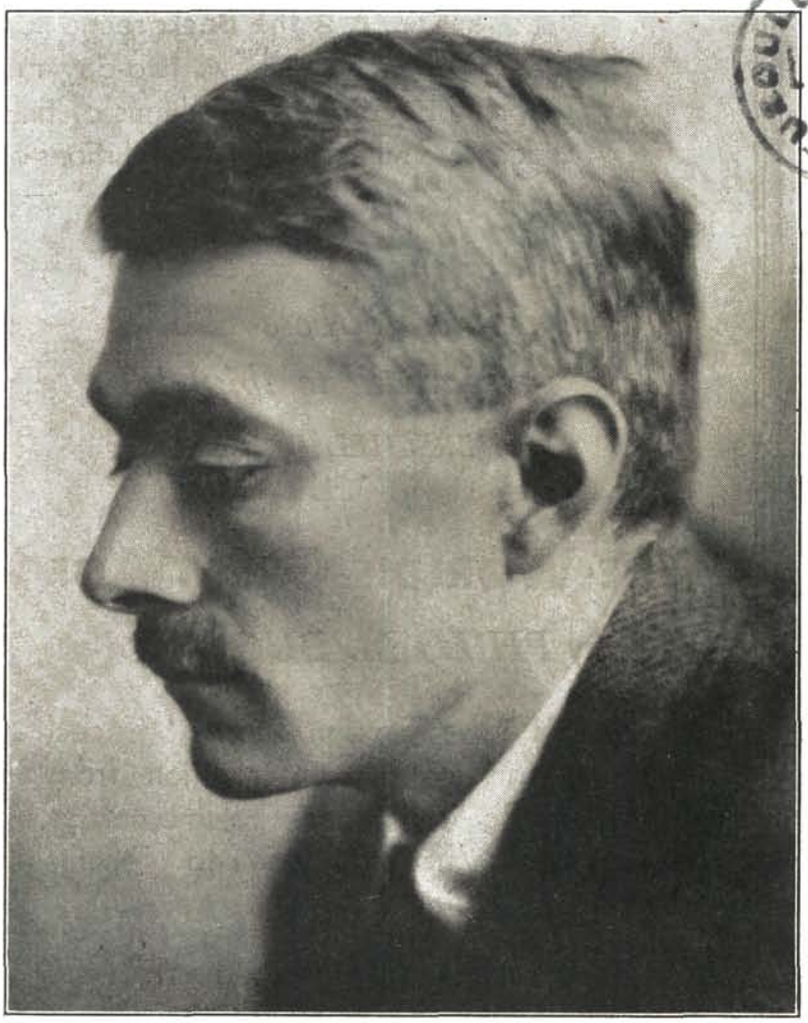

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"The reader will be quite unprepared for this book, which seems to me unique of its kind. For 'Salar' is not only the story of an alien life, it is the story of an alien environment" . . . *(See page 5)*

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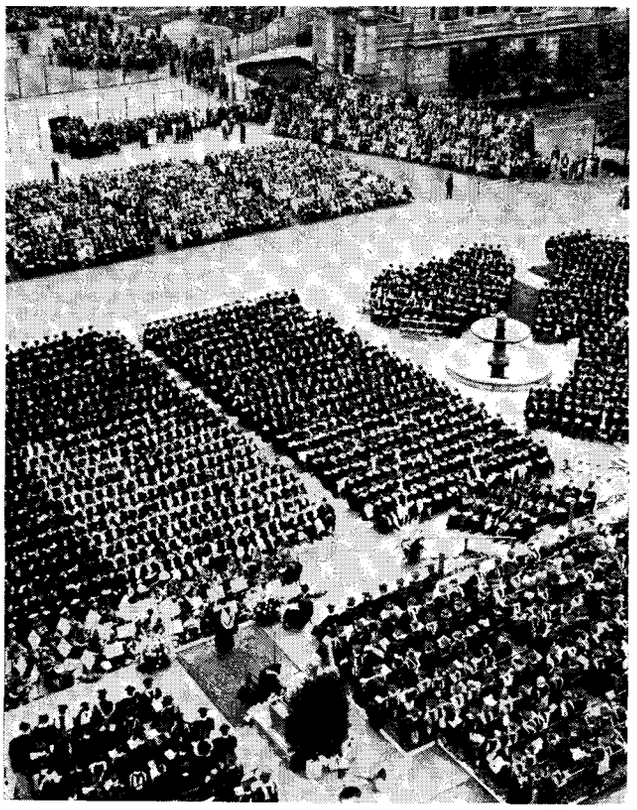
Trusting in Brains

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

IT is quite unnecessary to say to an intelligent public that Americans have always been distrustful of brains. I wish that we could accept, as an explanation, Benjamin Franklin's statement that the level of intelligence among the American masses was noticeably higher than in Europe, with a resulting self-reliance not to be found abroad. But I fear that a less complimentary thesis is nearer the truth. The American, the historians say, was typically a pioneer, with the pioneer's necessity for tackling any and every job, the pioneer's distrust of theory, and the pioneer's dislike of whatever limited his opportunities to better himself in the nearest and quickest way. So forests were burned, soil eroded, land grabbed, and booms blown up and burst.



Wide World

"THE TYPICAL AMERICAN UNDERGRADUATE IS NOW THE TYPICAL AMERICAN PUBLIC . . ."
Commencement exercises at Columbia University.

And indeed it is well known to us all that, except for what the English in speaking of the weather call bright intervals, the expert, the thinker, the specialist, the planner has been little loved in our expanding country. There were brief, though magnificent, efforts, when the Colonies were organized, when Jefferson, Hamilton, Madison, Marshall thought for the nation, and after them such of their successors as were able to draft programs which the public would accept. Yet each even of these men, though such notable examples of executive thinking, was hated and feared by at least a minority of the populace.

Yet I cannot believe that this historical prejudice against thinking and planning is enough to account for the difficulties of the educated American today who tries to use his brains for the welfare and development of his country. There have never in all our history, with the possible exception of the war years, been so many trained experts in the employ of government, so many intellectuals advising or trying to advise the executives in charge of it. And never, so far as my historical reading informs me, has there been such an outcry against experts, against specialists, against planners and promoters of long-range policy as today. "Professor" in the press has become a term to beat a dog with. A Ph.D. is a label on the rear with "Kick Me" printed on it.

There is some psychological cause for this situation more immediate than the much overworked theories of pioneer inheritance. There is some cause both for the resistance to the planner, and for the planner's frequent lacks in both self-confidence and in practical efficiency, a cause that must have its roots in the soil of a history far closer to our own times than the sociology of a frontier experience. The squeaks and squalls at the so-called brain trust in this present Administration are not all political, not all merely groans and hisses from outs who hate the ins. The specialist, of whom the university professor may be taken as a type, has by no means always been a success in public affairs, especially when his position has been executive rather than advisory. Yet any reasoning man or woman knows that as government more and more involves economics, sociology, psychology, and the natural sciences, the masters of those who know must be called upon. Of course, we have been accustomed to run to bankers when in trouble, and no one objected to drafting Robert Morris in the Revolution or Jay Cooke in the Civil War. But to ask economists, sociologists, or political scientists to save us from the results of our own folly requires a different kind of imagination, and a far greater act of faith toward the gentlemen appealed to. Such men, especially among the so-called brain trusters, have met with a fury of opposition which not even Gallatin had to encounter. Whether or not individually some of them may or may not have deserved it, is not the question I am raising here. The striking fact is that this opposition is widespread, undiscriminating, and comes, not from the masses so much as from privileged men and women in whom even the modern psychologist would admit the faculty of reasoning and the power of deliberate judgment.

And the fact of opposition is all the more striking when one considers how many departments of the government are already and inevitably in the hands of experts, and with little complaint. The army engineers go about their increasingly important business without arousing suspicion and antagonism. No one questions the need of trained thinkers in the departments of public health, in forestry, in naval construction, in the Treasury, in the State Department, in the judiciary, and so on through a wide range of important activities. It is only in those areas where either a new science has developed or where old sciences have been subject to rapid reversals of opinion, that distrust and opposition show themselves. The

Next Week

THE CO-OPERATIVE MOVEMENT
By MANYA GORDON

SANFELICE
By VINCENT SHEEAN
Reviewed by Hervey Allen

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agriculturist who thinks in terms of economics, the sociologist who regards politics as applied sociology, the economist who has discarded the laissez-faire of orthodox economics for a new system of planning—these are the centers of suspicion and attack. It would seem that the fact of distrust is more important than its direction. We accept the expert without question, without thinking of him as a planner or theorist, in regions where our prejudices or self-interests are not aroused. But the instant that he is employed in a controversial field, we tend to fall upon him, not as a man right or wrong, but as a theorist who is disqualified for practical affairs precisely because he has been trained to think in the long terms of logic or the hypotheses and experiments of science.

I am not concerned here with attack upon or defense of any group or individual among experts and thinkers of any complexion who are applying scholarship, science, experiment, and logic to public affairs. They may, and many of them are, ineffective, ill informed, or dogmatic in their own pet illusions. The problem for me is a national psychology which makes it difficult for the expert in theory, no matter how sound, how far-seeing, to serve his country. It is the dilemma of the intellectual man who wishes to earn his salt in public affairs yet finds that his very will to think and plan creates a climate of distrust.

The clue to the enigma, curiously enough, may I believe be found in the history of literature and the arts in this country, and it is this which gives me courage to generalize so widely and precariously on a subject in which I can profess but little competence. The primary difficulty is a confusion in values which for over half a century, at least, has left the American mind divided and perplexed.

We are still in the post bellum period in the United States, and by post bellum I mean post Civil War. We are still involved in the immense exploitation of a continent through an industrialism stimulated by the circumstances of that war and its aftermath to an unprecedented success. We are the immediate heirs of the ruthless victory of an industrial over an agrarian civilization. Everyone knows that, everyone should be equally aware of the confusion of values which resulted, a confusion which lies behind our best literature, which has vitally affected our education, and which in three generations has made a new American man.

In this carving of a continent the American mind got edge and lost direction. I could give a thousand examples, but choose the simplest because it is the most pertinent—the mental state of the American undergraduate of any decade from the eighties to the war in a typical American college. This youth, typically considered, went to a liberal arts college because every privileged boy was going to college, and with no clear ideas as to what he was going to do with his education.

For what did his education prepare him, for what does a liberal education so-called prepare youth now? If anything, for the conduct of life, for a fortunate adjustment of mind to circumstance, for a satisfactory philosophy, for what every civilized age from the Greeks down have agreed to call a good life. I am not speaking of morals, or of culture in any specific sense, or of the satisfactions of greed or vanity. I mean the kind of life in which an intelligent man can hope to satisfy a cultivated mind with fruits of labor and exercise of emotions which maturity will enjoy and approve. We have had such an ideal realized, though imperfectly, in this country. I would cite the rice civilization in the old South, or the James River plantations, which, in spite of the felt curse of slavery, and for a while and for a few, gave values in living rich in the homelier satisfactions. I would cite the New England village in its prime, and the Quaker culture of the Middle States.

But the undergraduate of the last half century came from a community that had lost interest in values in living. This is a strong statement, but I think justified. Whatever the principles of his education, his social environment in college or at home was aware chiefly of the rewards of competition, with power in terms of wealth as a primary objective. It may be that some professions, such as medicine, escaped this urge of the times. If so, they escaped only its direct influence. The typical youth I describe, if he was intelligent, knew from age eighteen on that the notes of his liberal education were not convertible into what was currently regarded as success. He knew, if he was quick-witted, that he would need a different preparation for American life, and sought and got it in extra-curriculum activities, which, as I have suggested elsewhere, were the real vitalities of the American college, and the dynamo from which energy was fed into the industrial world outside the campus. He realized, if he was sensitive, that the America of his time was not thinking beyond the seizure of economic power, that, whatever his elders might say, what they did was conditioned by a naive faith that, granted the means of power and purchase, the conduct and enjoyment of life would take care of themselves. In one respect these elders were right. The instinctive desires of the Americans were such that once economic security was gained, the business and professional men changed in less than a generation from drudges on a ten-hour schedule to sportsmen willing to take recreation. The country club era began. But in nearly every other respect, the conduct of American life by the privileged classes would have seemed deplorable to the most unphilosophic Greek, or English Augustan, or Virginian of the early 1800s. Tasteless, frantic, notorious for breakdowns in health, divorces, problem children, and sudden reversals from wealth to poverty, the America of this age, in spite of its prosperity, supplied innumerable evidences of a demoralization of standards, and a sense of values weakened to a point where no youth could see his way beyond what was called success.

This country (and other countries, too) is full of visible signs of this breakdown in values. It can be argued, as Lewis Mumford argued it in "Sticks and Stones," from the national architecture. The descent from the Virginia manor or Connecticut farmhouse of 1750 to the pretentious rococo of the 70s and 80s, and the false sumptuousness of the early 1900s, is a perfect index of the demoralized standards of the American will. Those early houses were built for a well conducted life; the latter to exhibit success in gaining power, but not control, over living. It can be argued in painting, in decoration, in landscape gardening, in chinaware and silver, even in music.

We lost our sense of values in pursuing the one value which the success of industrialism made generally available as never before—power over resources, power to spend. And unlike the Romans, who had a like accession, we did not carry into this new success the concept of a good life. As a squeezer of profits, as an exploiter, and as a spender, the Roman millionaire of Augustus's time would make any American pluto-

(*Continued on page* 16)

A Meeting

By Lord Dunsany

ONCE as I chanced to rove
Through Ind, at close of day
Mountains I knew not of
Rose up beside my way.

With night about its base,
Above the rest rose one,
And light was in its face
Clear from the sunken sun

With which it communed still,
Answering light with light,
While, below, hill on hill
Went over to the night.

What was there in that air
It wore at evening's end
That sudden stopped me there
To cry "Oh friend, oh friend"?

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DRAWING BY C. F. TUNNICLIFFE. *From "Salar the Salmon."*

Life in Sea and River

SALAR THE SALMON. A Story by Henry Williamson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT ROBERTS

LET us get out of the way first of all, the expected outline of this book. It is, as the title suggests, another story of animal adventure—the response of the salmon to the subtle changes in his protoplasm which drive him from the sea up to the spring pools of his birth, and it is the narrative of his adventures as he pushes up, lies dormant, is driven back, and at last surmounts the perils and difficulties of his stream, to die at the end, his biological function concluded.

One who has read much nature literature can reconstruct in advance many (but by no means all) of the episodes of this story. And if he is familiar with the author's "Tarka the Otter" he will guess that this new book will be no nature faking, nor yet bald narrative, but an attempt to get inside the instinctive mind of a brute creature, to think as he thinks, act as he really acts.

And yet even so the reader will be quite unprepared for this book, which seems to me unique of its kind. For "Salar" is not only the story of an alien life, it is the story of an alien environment. Here is water—the sea, the estuary, the river—described as I believe they have never been described before. The author is said to have spent 5000 hours watching trout and salmon in the river. There is more than this behind the extraordinary recreation of underwater life—the sinuous response of the salmon to varying pressures, the astonishing reversals of stance and stimulus and emotional reaction. Mr. Williamson has looked with a pair of the keenest eyes now observing nature, he has read his science, but, one suspects, that the old poacher, Shiner, who moves through the story, and whose livelihood had depended upon knowing his fish, gave his years of observation also to this book.

There is no use in reviewing "Salar" further, except to say that there are passages of prose of exquisite nicety and a quite shining beauty. Except to add that those who do not love trout and salmon and running water and the spring, will find some of its progress slow, some of its descriptions overburdened, some of its incidents repetitious. Not so with me, who, from shimmering May fly in her nuptial flight, to plunging salmon with the grinning seal behind, and thread of mountain water in the turbid estuary up which the returners from the sea explore, found it exciting, delightful, and (for a fisherman) instructive to a high degree. And so in place of further comment I quote one of a hundred possible passages:—

> Salar had moved up through this channel many times during the moon's wax and wane; he had drifted with the water, letting the tide take him, slower and slower, until the tidal pool was reached. Here fresh water had lain over the heavier salt, stagnant, chilling, brackish. Roots of trees and rocky juts were slimy with fine mud suspended and settled in the lifeless lake. Disillusioned, he had drifted back with surface flotsam and wreckage and froth which began to return the instant it reached the tidehead; every time the tidehead water had moved back without pause, waveless, assoiled, Salar with it.
>
> But now the stream was alive, and he took life from it. This water was colored, but not turbid. It was the spate fining down after the first load of drain water had carried away stagnant deposits of used life awaiting re-creation. It was not yet water springing from the rock, but it was water enlivened by percussion and repercussion against the living rock and air of earth. A million million bubbles of air had been beaten into it by the force of gravity, a million million fragments of rock had dragged against and resisted its momentum; every swirl and tear and crashing fall had been attended by watchful air. It was saturated with oxygen, sparkling water, life-giving water, faithful to the spirit of Salmon. It was grand running water, and the fish leapt to it, fleeing fast after shadowy companions in play, and, as the spirit sank in them after its exaltation, boring steadily onwards again. . . .
>
> So Salar came at last to the natural river, where it wound widely and was allowed to make its own pools and backwaters, to cut into its ancient bed and form its own islets. Its gravel was clean and its music was sharp after the sombrous rhythms of the sea.

Rebellious Youth in a Neighborly World

VILLAGE CHRONICLE. By James McConnaughey. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

MR. McCONNAUGHEY is a comforting young man. And he has gone back to a comforting pattern in fiction. For years now, perhaps in reflection of the despair of both readers and writers, books have been the stories of idealistic young men bumping their heads against the walls of the world. But as Booth Tarkington used to demonstrate and as Mr. McConnaughey demonstrates anew, it is not necessary to stop with the bump. The rebellious young may find a place for themselves in the very world of their rebellion and have a comfortable sense of the attainment of wisdom in it.

But the telling of such a story of young Joel Adams, who escaped at last from the furies turned loose in him by the smug destruction by the University of North Carolina community of a promising student who turned out to have Negro blood, is by no means the measure of Mr. McConnaughey's work. Far more important, he has taken a real community in a real State and preserved and epitomized its reality. His Churchill is Chapel Hill and the people in his book are made out of Chapel Hill's citizenship. His village editor is certainly built around the pleasant figure of my friend Louis Graves of the *Chapel Hill Weekly* and pieces of the personalities of other living men help to make the sum of other characters. But so far as I could see no person is put in whole as a character. Here are no mere photographs nor straight biographies. Rather Mr. McConnaughey with good taste and wisdom has used the human material of Chapel Hill and some incidents in its recent history to make sound, rich, and true fiction.

As a portrait of a village, more than ordinarily populated with intellectuals, Mr. McConnaughey has done an excellent job. The little University town grows to steady reality in the book's disjointed scenes which only begin to make a story when they are put together in the reader's mind. And put together, the story seemed to me a trifle more sentimental, a trifle less vital than his village deserved. But it ought to be a popular story. For beyond Duke Hospital, modern science, young anger, and ancient back-biting it comes triumphantly, romantically, to a happy ending. Bad as it is, it's a good, kind, neighborly world. And the Joel Adamses will get both a Ph.D. and a baby.

Jonathan Daniels is editor of the Raleigh News and Observer *and a graduate of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.*

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The Strange Drama of the Galapagos Colony

SATAN CAME TO EDEN. As told by Dore Strauch to Walter Brockmann. New York: Harper & Bros. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by HASSOLDT DAVIS

TO those who have followed the awful drama of the Galapagos colonists through the pages of *Cosmopolitan, The Atlantic Monthly,* and the newspapers this document will come at last as the grisly truth, for the whole adventure is so fabulous that were it not told by one of its principals and in a manner of such restraint and sanity it would surely seem fiction. No stranger group of egocentrics has ever gathered than that of Floreana Island: Dr. Ritter and Dore Strauch, each married to someone else in Germany, the furious Wittmer couple with their jungle-born baby and half blind son, the piratical Captain Bruuns, the Baroness and her retinue of sex-ridden gigolos, and, of course, the ghosts.

In 1929 Dore and her physician, Dr. Ritter, came to the isolated Galapagos Islands to seek the "spiritual and contemplative" life. They never found it. There were great lava boulders to thwart them, droughts, savage boars, and, later, equally savage neighbors intent at once upon emulating and evicting them. Love diminished to boredom and bickering as they struggled to build a habitable house of peace on that hostile soil that had already wrecked the lives of so many refugees. Ritter, a vegetarian, soon discovered that his ideal of mastication upon bare gums was impracticable, and though he was no thorough nudist he found that the sun and rocks respectively played havoc with his bare head and feet. However, they managed to build a little plantation and live upon it tolerably well, until the false Baroness appeared with her escort of men.

The island was hers by conquest, she claimed, and she ruled it from her enormous bed with whip and gun, beating her many lovers mercilessly and threatening visitors by lunatic war dances along the shore. One poor slave she poisoned with arsenic because he could not wash her lingerie properly. In the same manner that she tamed wild dogs by first shooting them and then nursing them well again she attempted to capture a young German tourist. The Ritters are not to be derided for believing that all the accrued evil of those islands, piracy, murder, and death by lust, were incarnate in the satanic Baroness. When she eventually disappeared, herself the victim of one of her tortured lovers, she left nothing but horror behind. Dr. Ritter soon died, and his companion, Dore, fled to the relative peace of Germany.

This is an amazing book in that it holds you with neither skill nor beauty. It is too sincere to be artful. Nowhere, in its writing or in the life it chronicles, is there the slightest relief of beauty, humor, or charm, yet on the sole vehicle of its honesty it bumps you along from page to page through accumulating tragedy to its very bitter end.

Hassoldt Davis is the author of "Islands Under the Wind" and "Black Democracy: The Story of Haiti."

Ships to the Moon

ROCKETS THROUGH SPACE. By P. E. Cleator. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1936. $2.50.

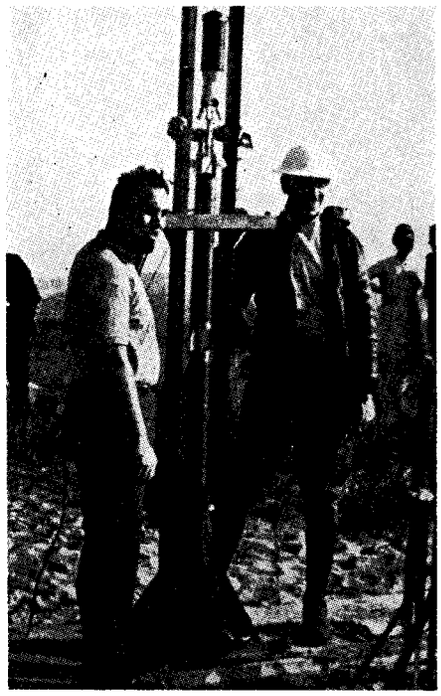
Reviewed by ALBERT G. INGALLS

"EVER since his existence," the author of this book tells us, "man has thought in terms of 'impossibilities.' No sooner is one impossibility converted into actuality than he invents another." The impossibility of the flying machine having proved to be a baseless conception of this kind, the present-day style in impossibilities is astronautics or astrogation-flight through interplanetary space by means of manned rockets of large size. While a section of the unscientific public remains unconvinced of the possibility of this impossibility, the scientist sees nothing insurmountable in the idea of sending space ships to the Moon, to Venus, and to Mars; it is good, sound physics, every bit of it and, given a few more technical advances, it will be sound engineering. The obstacles are, of course, very great.

Mr. Cleator is the head of the British Interplanetary Society, an organization whose members do not, as some appear to have supposed, sit in arm chairs and write scientific romances about trips to Mars. Instead they busy themselves with the first practical task to hand—designing, building, and sending aloft small rockets destined, it is hoped, to reach the earth's upper atmosphere, say fifty or 100 or 150 miles aloft, after a few years of the expected disappointments and failures. Velocities of 500 or 700 miles an hour have thus far been attained by such rockets. While this is but a small beginning it is even now of worth to science, which will have many uses of a very practical nature for vehicles which will carry self-registering apparatus even to such heights.

In Germany a similar organization of young engineers has made many invaluable rocket experiments, but at present the most active group of workers is the American Rocket Society made up mainly of technical men.

While there is no insurmountable obstacle to interplanetary rocket flight, the practical obstacles are very heavy—rocketeers all recognize this fact, but believe it worth while to begin the task. Why rockets, and why not projectiles?



ROCKET NO. 4, AMERICAN ROCKET SOCIETY

Jules Verne erred about projectiles. They afforded a good story but their inherent fault is the fact that they must start with a tremendous jerk—such a jerk, in fact, that any living passengers within them would be reduced instantly to jelly. But a rocket may be accelerated gradually and, when it passes the retarding atmosphere of the earth, built up to velocities of 10,000 miles per minute. The immediate obstacle here is the fact that, with existing fuels, such a vast amount of propellant would be required that, in order to carry it along, the rocket must be far larger than the Queen Mary if it is to reach the nearest planet; and this would mean great expense.

Other practical problems remain but the world, after the lesson of the Wright brothers, is now too wary to be caught pooh-poohing anything. Recently when Esnault-Pelterie, elderly leader of the French rocketeers, lectured on astronautics before the Royal Aero Club they laughed at him "in a courteous English way." But he too laughed, for he recalled being laughed some decades before when lecturing on the possibility of airplanes.

Mr. Cleator's book is virtually nontechnical, his style of presentation is direct, lucid, and well organized, and he tells the facts necessary to equip his reader with a comprehending background about rocketry both as a science and a movement. If occasionally he seems to run a bit away with himself, he as often pulls up to present an account of the obstacles which stand in the way. His book is not a romance but an exposition of the present status of rocket technic and activity.

Albert G. Ingalls is associate editor of The Scientific American.

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The League and the Future

ON THE RIM OF THE ABYSS. By James T. Shotwell. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

IT is an open secret that this volume of Professor Shotwell's was originally called "The Good Neighbor" and that when the collapse of the sanctions against Italy took place and the conquest of Ethiopia was consummated, it was hastily renamed and the contents readjusted to the catastrophe of Geneva. That was an eminently wise move. Europe *is* now on the rim of the abyss and the failure of the League has compelled its most ardent advocates to admit that it must be reorganized and readjusted if it is to be saved. As one of the most ardent proponents of the League and advocates of American entrance into it, Dr. Shotwell's reaction to the present crisis is of genuine interest.

In the first place Professor Shotwell revives a proposal he made to Colonel House in Paris in March, 1919, that the Covenant of the League be changed so that the League would include two kinds of membership—one being an "associate membership for those nations which for one reason or another might not accept full obligations of membership." The link between the two kinds of members was to be a system of conferences between them all to deal with "all the peace-time activities and interests of nations which do not have to do with the preservation of peace itself." Associate members under this plan would have no other responsibilities than those arising out of the conferences in which they participated, whereas regular members would go beyond these obligations and accept the principle of collective security as set forth in Articles Ten and Sixteen of the Covenant. The idea was that Associate Memberships would be held by the United States, the defeated Powers, and those less developed countries which are "not yet able to stand by themselves under the strenuous conditions of the modern world."

The cynic might well ask, in view of the fact that Italy has just honored its full responsibility to the League in the breach and apparently without paying therefor, whether the acceptance of Dr. Shotwell's proposal would not mean a stampede out of the full memberships into the associate. Why should the South American nations, so remote from the cockpit which is Europe, hesitate? Why should China retain full responsibility when the League has absolutely refused to come to its rescue and prevent its being gradually swallowed by Japan? Would not Hitler rejoice in an associate membership so that his hands would be completely free to plan the wars against Russia and France he is committed to by his printed and spoken words? If the membership fees of the associates should be much less than those of the full members, that would be still another important factor with the smaller countries.

To many it will seem as if Professor Shotwell were pointing in the wrong direction; that salvation for the League means democratizing it, placing all nations on an equality in the League and ending the overwhelming domination of England and France. To others it seems as if the way out were to drop Articles Ten and Sixteen and to build the League not as a weapon to enforce peace by force of arms, but by purely peaceful means. Certainly the question may properly be posed as to whether if there were two groups of members—those ready to fight for peace and those concerned only with the humanitarian aspects of its functions—the first group would not gradually tend to become also

JAMES T. SHOTWELL

merely a consultative body shunning effective political action as it has shunned it thus far in Vilna, Corfu, the Ruhr, and Manchuria, to say nothing of Ethiopia. It is interesting to note in the light of what has happened since, that even in 1919 Professor Shotwell felt that "the Assembly of the League would be the most miscellaneous representative body ever assembled," and that "the weakness of all representative bodies is their miscellaneous character."

Dr. Shotwell revives still another proposal—that, since the League can do nothing about disarmament, there be created a World Parliament on Disarmament to meet at least once every three years and tackle this matter. So the League is to be strengthened first by dividing its membership and second by transferring perhaps the most vital issue before it to another permanent body! Dr. Shotwell favors "taking war out of the Covenant," but believes that that will not involve any lessening of the provisions for collective security. He would have acceptance of the Pact of Paris as the one universal obligation under the Covenant. He still wishes the United States to enter the League on the definite terms that it may withhold its assent to any interpretation of the Covenant which would imply any obligation either to use force or to apply sanctions of any sort except when it wished to do so, speaking either as an individual member or as a member of the Council. Finally, he approves of the Pope resolution which calls for the acceptance by the United States of membership in the League of Nations upon the above terms and others outlined by Professor Shotwell, who assures us that all his volume tries to do is to lay the issue of the League fairly and squarely before those "who can lay aside prejudice and to whom the honor of the United States and the peace of the world are one and the same cause."

It will not help him with those who stand aloof from the League that Professor Shotwell cannot emancipate himself from the old shibboleths of imperialism. Mussolini will rejoice to read these words of the latter: "It is in the interests of civilization as a whole that nations of higher culture should extend their influence to those who are less advanced; provided that the method used is one that can be welcomed by the beneficiary as that of friendly helpfulness." Of course, Mussolini will insist that his aid to Ethiopia is that of friendly helpfulness which will lift the Ethiopians out of their present "state of barbarism" to a much higher plane of life. If they do not welcome it, that, he will insist, will not vitiate it any more than the protests of a child can stop the necessary disciplinary measures of its superiors. Dr. Shotwell is very sympathetic with Japan, feeling that it is a great pity that the rigidity of the Stimson Doctrine of the United States and the formula of the League in regard to Manchuria gave to Japan "little encouragement to improve its policies." In other words, he believes that if we were only a little bit more polite to Japan it would be quite amenable to reason. He thinks that "the aim of all this endeavor," of Japan in China, "is laudable and high. . . .," though he admits that it is mistakenly trying "to be the policeman in a sphere of anarchy." To him modern Japanese history is "an outstanding marvel of all modern times."

In conclusion it must be said that Professor Shotwell has frankly exposed the weaknesses and errors of the League and that he has given us an excellent, up-to-the-minute picture of the existing situation. His book is well-written and despite his partisanship usually dispassionate. The facts in it and his survey of history since 1919 from the League point of view make it a most usable book of reference.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Vain Plea

IT is of course no use to ask the makers of party platforms for the Conventions to say what they mean, for that is, usually, precisely what they do not wish to say. It would be helpful, however, if they would make clear the sense of some of the words they use, or at least realize that these words have many senses and some non-senses. Americanism—for example. What does ex-Senator Bingham mean when he says that the Republican platform should be based upon Americanism? Presumably a Republican's idea of what Americanism is. But Americanism as the Jeffersonian understands it, is quite another thing, and Americanism from John Dewey's angle, or Charles Beards's, or Norman Thomas's, means something quite else again. A critic of Mr. Baldridge's recent pamphlet on Liberalism said there was no Americanism in it, because it mentioned neither the United States (which was its subject) nor the flag. If politicians won't, voters must, insist in the next few months on an explanation of which, or what, idea of Americanism they are urging.

Can't we improve our English in other respects? Fascism, unless one is speaking of either Germany or Italy, is now a word so loose in its meaning that every platform maker is sure to seize upon it. Call an American man or measure fascist, and you have said little more than that you don't like him, or it—unless the term is defined. Everyone who says he is against fascism should be made to say what he is against. Otherwise we shall soon be back in the early twenties when the younger generation were called Bolshevik because they would not stay at home of nights. Communism is another term made almost useless by the way it has been swung, like a dead cat, at every objectionable man or movement. Both major parties, of course, will say that they are against Russian communism, and orators will try to twist the bear's tail, although it will often be evident that they don't know on which end it grows. This is an amusement always pardonable in election times. But if they attack communism in America they should be made to state just what they are definitely against. Socialism, of course, is already hopeless. Socialism is going to mean government in control of big business—that is its American meaning and is likely to become its only meaning, short of a revolution, in this country. Norman Thomas wants socialism to mean socialism, but he will not succeed. Let him get another name for his principles.

Nationalism, among all these terms, has lately taken on a new meaning so specific that the platform makers will probably leave it alone. Nationalism, as we see it exhibited in Europe, means war. The word has taken on an ugly color. Unfortunately, internationalism, to many Americans, means war also. It will be possible to write the history of the next twenty years in the successive shades of connotation taken on by these two words.

Patriotism, loyalty, and constitutionalism, all need redefining. Distrust any radio speaker who says that he and his party are patriotic or loyal, while other men or parties are not, unless he makes a clear and specific statement as to what he loves and is loyal to and will support in his country. Generals Lee and Grant and statesmen like Hamilton and Jefferson were all loyal and patriotic, but to different principles and different aspects of their country's welfare. Words mean nothing unless they mean something definite in the speaker's mind. We can afford absolutes like "beauty" in literary criticism, although they are dangerous, but not in politics, not unless you propose to be the tricker, not the tricked.

Distrust, most of all, loose talk about the Constitution. No one in the coming campaign should be allowed to mention the Constitution unless he has read it. (It is to be found in the "World Almanac.") No one should be allowed to speak of the Constitution as if it had never been amended. No one should be allowed to speak of the Constitution as if everyone knew what it meant in every item and in terms of a modern state. Out of nine supreme court judges, five often think one thing, and four another—and they are experts in constitutional history. Nor should the skeptic fail to note that in these decisions as to what words mean, the dissenters have often been those known to be masters of the language in which the founding fathers tried to lay down principles for the future. Orators who wish to scoff at the Constitution should first read it, and then state just how they would amend it up to date without destroying the framework of government built upon it. Orators who regard it as a sacred cow should remember that a war was fought to overset one decision, and that some provisions have never been enforced. Speakers on both sides of the current controversy, should be made to define at length, cogently, and with every implication, what they believe "welfare" in the famous welfare clause, meant, means, and should mean in the running of a country, before they are licensed to proceed to argument and abuse.

But this is a vain plea. You can persuade a man to do almost anything rather than to define his terms, say what he is talking about, use words with a sincere attempt to express, not to hide or slur over, his meaning. Prospero was deeply deceived when he thought that reason could endow the purposes of unreasoning man with words that made them known. What words gave us was an infinite capacity for misrepresenting one purpose, or no purpose, in terms of another. Take a dictionary and your own good sense to the radio and keep one of them open and the other awake until election day.

A Note on Campaign Literature

With political parties convening, the publicists are at work producing a campaign literature of pamphlets and books. An ephemeral literature it is, written from a partisan standpoint. For real enlightenment on the issues that are to be tested at the polls in November the reader will do better far to refer to the careful studies which during the past few years have been issuing from economists and students of political science whose knowledge equips them to measure the enormous problems of the present in the light of past experience as well as immediate needs. There is no dearth of such works, and it is in them and not in the hastily concocted pronunciamentos on the political scene that light and leading are to be found.

Ten Years Ago

James Harvey Robinson reviewed the first volume of "The Decline of the West," by Oswald Spengler, in *The Saturday Review* of June 12th, 1926. He described it as *"a tremendous work, bewildering in its demands on one's attention and overwhelming in its implications,"* as a book which invited the reader *"to reconsider the whole story of humanity with the hope of forecasting its fate."*

Mr. Robinson outlined Spengler's thesis as follows: *"There is a period of youth, the prime of life and old age in all civilizations, and we are in the last period. The sooner we realize this the better. We can take it or leave it. Spengler ends his work with the ominous* Ducunt fata volentem, nolentem trahunt—*the fates gently lead those with insight, but inexorably drag along the fool. Such is the outcome of this particular fable!"* In explanation of the work's already staggering success in Germany, Professor Robinson remarked: *"How grateful to wounded national pride was the assurance that Germany's defeat was but part and parcel of the fall of western civilization!"*

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Letters to the Editor: *An Idea for Mr. Santayana; Some Notes on Reading Habits*

Best-Sellers

SIR:—Current fluctuations in the leadership of best-seller lists pose this profound problem: Is it morally worse for the customers to read "The Last Puritan" from a combination of the sense of duty and intellectual snobbery (as most of them almost certainly do), or to read "Sparkenbroke" because they like it?

Reflection on this question will conduct the reflector into the most obscure recesses of ethics and esthetics. I can think of no one better fitted to pursue such a research, and to present his findings in a monograph for *The Saturday Review*, than Mr. George Santayana.

ELMER DAVIS.

New York City.

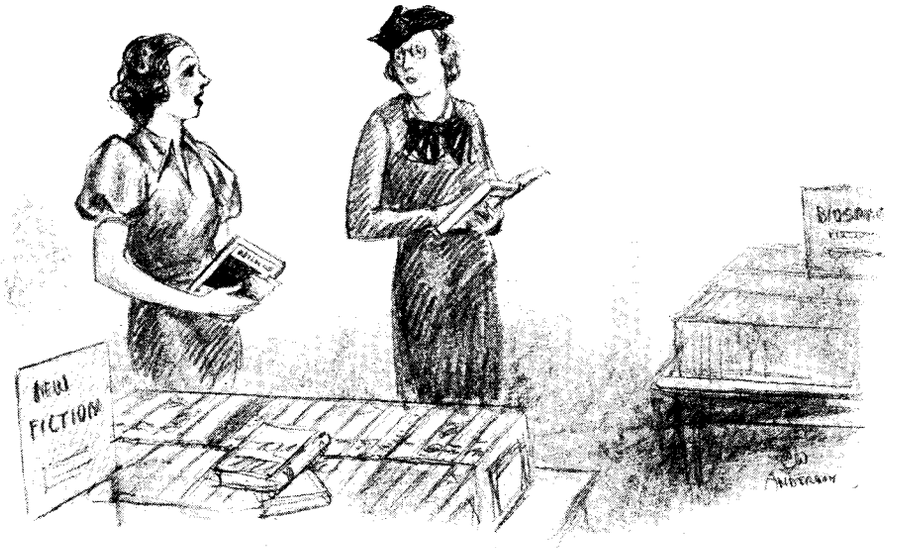
Book Buyers and Book Borrowers

SIR:—Some experience in running a lending library, and also a college department of English, has led me, of recent years, to an analysis of the reading habits of the time. Lately, I have been also making a special study of lending libraries available, and also of their patrons, by means of questions as to types, books wanted, and previous book-habits of patrons. The results make me disagree sharply with those publishers and authors who claim that the lending libraries are ruining the sales of books. I am of the opinion that at least seventy-five per cent of the sales to lending libraries are pure "velvet." The books would not have been sold otherwise.

It is said that the lending library public is almost wholly feminine. In that statement there is a catch. Most of the men from whom I have obtained information get books via their wives, since women have rather more opportunity during the day to go to a lending library. This is not true of the "loan collections" maintained by some public libraries, which, the librarians inform me, are largely patronized by men, since they are open in the evenings. The person who takes the book is no certain indication of the reader or readers. There is every indication that the "lending library public" is by no means over-feminine.

I have inquired among borrowers, of as many kinds as I could, "why do you patronize a lending library, instead of buying books?" It is worth noting that only once did I receive the specious alibi, "I haven't room, and we travel so much." That was also a special case. Books do not, actually, take up so very much room, if one wants them at all.

What I did hear, in unanimous chorus was, "the books put out today aren't worth investing money in. If I invest $2 to $3.50 in a book, I want something worth keeping, something to put on my shelves, to reread, to make a friend of. I've been stung too many times by reviewers' puffs, and publishers' blurbs, and I'm not buying any book any more until I've read it. If it is worth keeping, I buy it. And that goes for non-fiction, as well as novels. The writers and publishers seem to think all readers want is filth. I can get all of that I want without paying for it."



"SHE STARTS OUT IN A GARRET AND ENDS UP IN A PENT HOUSE, VERY DISILLUSIONED."

As an operator of a lending library, and since, I have been besought to recommend "something we can read aloud. Most of these books have such language, and such situations, that I just couldn't pronounce the words." It seems to me that the complaint that the habit of reading aloud is over, is without justification. But I am put to it to recommend a suitable book. Another question has been, "can't you recommend a book where the characters are decent people, who have some religion left, and meet their difficulties decently? I want a book that shows me fellows who have the same sort of adverse circumstances that I meet, every day, and surmount them."

Two types of novels I found in special disfavor—the novel without a plot, where nothing ever happens, and the so-called "proletarian" novel. Oddly, among a "proletarian" group that I happen to know rather well, the proletarian novel was in extreme disfavor. Readers of such novels seem to be chiefly the yeastier sort of college student, who procures supplies from some lending library.

Age distribution is generally reckoned of importance in such a study. I found very, very few under thirty who ever bought books. From thirty to sixty, people generally have more settled incomes, and also abodes. This is the potential book-sale public. Among this group, I paid special attention to the ages 30-45. And here I found my loudest complaints about the quality of offerings. To quote a young matron, probably around 35, "We used to buy a good many, perhaps 15 or 20 at the lowest, a year. But so very few were possible, that we stopped entirely, or almost so. . . . All that most novels published today are worth is two to six cents over a week-end."

I conclude, therefore, that the public that is willing and able to buy books is a very dissatisfied public, at present. It is a large, comfortably situated, middle-class public, of decent men and women, most of whom support churches, and sundry "good works." It is a well-educated group, of normal, generally well-adjusted men and women, working hard at bringing up and supporting families. It resents novels attacking or lampooning religion and family life.

The writer-publisher combination seems to me, à la Alice, to be engaged in "uglification and fainting in coils." And it has all but killed the real buying public. To quote again the significant comment of the young matron: "Two to six cents over a week-end is all most novels are worth."

Newton, Mass. C. E. MACGILL.

No Excuse for Alibi

SIR:—I read with genuine interest and appreciation your leading article in the May 30th issue, "Colby, Criticism, and Common Sense," by Professor John Abbot Clark, department of English of Michigan State College. Professor Clark's critical comment and appreciation of Colby's ideas on the *raison d'être* of American literary criticism appealed to me as fundamentally sound and logical. However, on page 18, col. 1, I found this sentence, one word of which gave me a mild shock as coming from an English professor of literary attainments:

> That oldest of American traditions, our youth, and that oldest of literary *alibis*, an unfavorable, if not actively hostile, *milieu*, have been so unceasingly brought to our attention that even men who should know better take them for granted.

Know all men by these presents that this word, *alibi*, should never be used for the word, *excuse*. This word, *alibi*, has a very specific, limited, and legalistic denotation that does not permit its being used as a synonym for *excuse* in any connection whatsoever.

Pittsburgh, Pa. GEORGE W. LYON.

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Merlin Speaking

THREE NEW PLAYS: The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles, The Six of Calais, The Millionairess. By Bernard Shaw. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THIS new volume of Shaw's proves nothing except that he is getting old; and, like Merlin, is a wizard still, even in old age. His prefaces, or at least one of them, are still brilliant. His plays, or at least one of them, are still dramatically effective. But he is discursive where he used to be cogent, truculent where he used to be impudently witty, and confident in his philosophy of a possible society instead of powerful in his exposure of the follies of the present one.

Can't a man be allowed to write just a play, for good actors to shine in? he says of "The Six of Calais." And that is all to be said of this item. It is a grand piece of character action, and unless, which I doubt, he is really interested in showing that a king with power is more of a man than a constitutional monarch, I see no other point. Certainly King Neddy with his opposite in the sixth Calais burgher who was also a rugged individualist, has no lesson for England, Hitler, or Franklin D. Roosevelt. This is just a play, and a good one. I wish he had written more such.

But the "Unexpected Isles" is wearisome. You can grant everything in his Preface and still be bored. Our world as the play presents it has lost the vitamin of morality. The characters of this allegorical drama try to recover it by grafting a narrow-minded clergyman on the younger generation. He is sterile, and when Judgment Day comes, and the useless are winnowed from the earth (Shaw's definition of Judgment Day), the younger generation just disappears in a puff of nothingness. I agree as to the next-to-youngest generation. Morality did seem to have leaked out of Western civilization in the twenties; but it is coming back now in monstrous forms, like the Anabaptists of the Reformation. We may well be asking to be saved from too much ill-digested morality before the decade is out. Shaw's younger generation are four beautiful creatures the product of eugenic planning, fascinating morons of exquisite bodies seeking for slogans to satisfy their lack of ideas, and chasing love to keep from being bored. This Maya and Vashti and Janga and Kanchin are packed with symbolism, like everyone else in the cast, but I do believe that the whole play was made up from a desire to slap their suburban bottoms with the Fabian idea that only the useful deserve to stay alive.

"The Millionairess" is another story—a familiar one with Shaw. The play seems to me rambling and dull, but I should probably (as often before) change my mind should I see it on the stage. Shaw is still a wizard. But the Preface is brilliant, well knit, and important in its theme. If governments from now on must be run by competent realists, supermen above inhibitions, inefficiencies, and law, then who is going to control the supermen? If we let them become despots we run a terrible risk—especially since they are cannibalistic and will eat up, not each other, which would be quite all right, but the other kind of supermen, the great constructive minds whose purpose is not to govern but to know. It is the tyranny of the talented he is writing about in his Preface on Bosses. And the answer in the Preface seems to be that we must order our institutions so that the despots will neither oppress us, nor leave their power to unworthy children. I thought that was one of the purposes of the United States Constitution, but you could scarcely expect Shaw to wind up a Preface by praising the system of checks and balances in the United States! So I look at his play, and find there that the superwoman millionairess, whom no one can live with, is tamed at the end by an Egyptian scientist who is not in the least impressed by her riches or her genius at money-making, but fascinated by her super-energy, which apparently he expects to be able to control. Is the Egyptian doctor the socialistic state, about to make a marriage of convenience with a dictator, divorce being available if the union does not work? I think so, and this seems to be the lesson Shaw wishes to preach. The Preface on Bosses is worth five ordinary books of sermon and satire as such go in this degenerate post-Shavian age. "The Six of Calais" is velvet for the buyer. The rest of the book is clever words.

Vandamm

A SCENE FROM THE THEATRE GUILD'S PRODUCTION OF "THE SIMPLETON OF THE UNEXPECTED ISLES."

Metropolis

CITY FOR CONQUEST. By Aben Kandel. New York: Covici-Friede. 1936. $2.50.

MR. KANDEL'S novel of New York covers the two decades of gigantic growth between 1907 and 1927. The city is the hero and villain, the foreground and background both. There are characters we meet and follow along, more than a dozen of them, but they do not make the history but are made by it instead. The city moulds, the city proposes and disposes. Every kind of city dweller of every race and condition makes his appearance. We observe the young East Side boxer, then the traction magnate, the girl in Greenwich Village, the real estate dreamer in the Bronx. The lives converge, with others, knit together, make a pattern more important than any strand of it, the city's life.

This was an exciting book to write. We feel Kandel's exhilaration in the racing tempo that pounds through chapter after chapter. He stands eagerly at our elbows, points out the characters; see, see, he cries, look at this, this is what the town does, this is how it acts. There are occasional apostrophes that break in, uncontrollably, upon the narrative. Sometimes Mr. Kandel sings a little at his work. But he doesn't preach and he doesn't whitewash. New Yorkers will like "City for Conquest" and feel that it is one book worthy of the town. It is recommended to others as an exceedingly readable, lively, understanding study of this unfathomable city.

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Russia's Crowded History

POLITICAL AND DIPLOMATIC HISTORY OF RUSSIA. By George Vernadsky. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1936. $4.

Reviewed by MICHAEL T. FLORINSKY

THERE is probably no more fascinating and fruitful field for investigation by the historian than that offered by the growth and development of Russia. The imagination of the student is inevitably captured by the interplay of the great social, economic, and political forces that have guided the destinies of the nation from its early days as a small barbaric principality through the successive stages of the centralized Moscovite State, the glittering magnificence of the Empire, to the final establishment of the Union of the Soviet Socialist Republics. This process of transformation acquires particular significance in view of the opinion of such distinguished observers as Mr. and Mrs. Webb and Professor Laski that Soviet Communism and its new civilization are the logical and inescapable forms of political and social organization toward which the capitalistic world is drifting.

Mr. Vernadsky makes no pretense of having exhausted all the possibilities of this magnificent and captivating theme. Nor would it be reasonable to expect him to succeed in fully encompassing within the limited space of some 440 pages a score of centuries of crowded and often bewildering history. His object is more modest, and the title of his volume suggests the limitations he has imposed upon himself. What he is concerned with in his new volume is the political and diplomatic history of Russia. This would seem to indicate the necessary relegation to the background of the economic, social, and cultural developments of that country. Such developments, needless to say, cannot however be excluded altogether, for the history of any nation told merely in terms of political and diplomatic changes, with no consideration of the great forces that brought about such changes, would be meaningless. While Mr. Vernadsky certainly does not ignore them, he has perhaps not been altogether fortunate in striking the right balance between his discussion of external manifestations of the historical process and his treatment of the fundamental underlying trends. The latter are not infrequently sacrificed to the elaboration of relatively less important details.

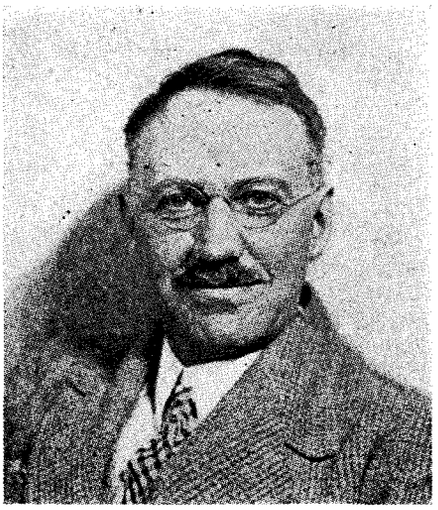
Except for the fact that he devotes a few pages at the beginning of his book to a discussion of "Eurasia," meaning "Eastern Europe plus Northern Asia," the general course of Mr. Vernadsky's narrative follows the conventional pattern of the more conservative histories of Russia. Whether the introduction of the term "Eurasia" really helps to an understanding of the development of Russia is debatable. The bulk of the volume deals with the process of expansion of the Russian State, the transformation of its political structure, and its relations with other nations. The chief object of the author is to set forth the essential facts of this manifold and complex story, rather than to interpret them. Only occasionally does Mr. Vernadsky venture any judgment on the momentous events he describes. Some of these interpretations are eminently sound; such, for instance, as his observation that the emancipation of the serfs in 1861 was the result of a compromise and that it introduced into the social structure of Russia fundamental contradictions "which became the basic cause of the subsequent revolution."

It is more difficult to agree with Mr. Vernadsky's judgment concerning the political situation in Russia in the years immediately preceding the revolution. His characterization of Stolypin's political program as "liberal conservatism" and of Count Kokovtsov as a "moderately progressive" statesman are hardly more than euphemisms. Again, when the author states that "the country at large was weary of revolution and had followed Stolypin's lead since 1907" he unfortunately does not mention the fact that during these years the meager civic liberties granted to Russia in 1905 were suspended and the Empire was governed by a regime of court martials.

The purpose of Mr. Vernadsky's volume, as stated by the author, is to give "a reliable account of the most important developments in Russian policies from the earliest period up to the present, with essential details. On the other hand . . . to emphasize a certain fundamental unity of the Russian historical process which makes the present-day Russian policies only the continuation of age-long development." In the opinion of the reviewer, Mr. Vernadsky was more successful in the first than in the second task he set himself. This may be due in part to the fact that the Soviet Union occupies in his book merely twenty-three pages which deal not only with the political and international but also with the economic and social developments.

In spite of these limitations the volume is a useful one. Mr. Vernadsky's concise presentation of the fundamental facts of Russia's political history will prove a helpful reference book and a welcome addition to college libraries.

Michael T. Florinsky, a Russian on the faculty of Columbia University, is the author of "The End of the Russian Empire," "Fascism and National Socialism," and other books on history and politics.



LORD DUNSANY

War for Amusement

UP IN THE HILLS. By Lord Dunsany. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1936. $2.

IN the happy days before the war, some of the most delightful of light novels were written by an Anglo-Irishman who called himself G. A. Birmingham—stories about Irishmen who did fantastic things like erecting statues to generals who never lived, and looking for buried treasure they did not think was there, and who yet never seemed to become caricatures. That peculiarly delicious vein, which seemed to have ended with "General John Regan" and "Spanish Gold," has been reopened by Lord Dunsany in "Up in the Hills." The beginning, about a deputation from an African republic who come to archæologize in an Irish village (because, as they have very reasonably decided, the white men come to archæologize in Africa, and there ought to be reciprocity), and by disturbing the bones of lake-dwellers cause the village wise wives to call down curses, is in the true and immortal Birmingham manner. And so is its immediate consequence, that the lads of the village, growing anxious at the number of curses flying and hissing about the air, take to the hills; and being in the hills, naturally amuse themselves by starting a war.

But this is not all extravaganza, and it is never farce; it is a literally mortal combat, even if it is undertaken with no more reason than the transitorily mortal combats of Valhalla or the occasionally mortal combats of the football field. It is war as it was in the days of King Arthur and Cuchulain, free of Marxian motives and dirty tactics, war in its innocent childhood; and like all children, it is always funny, and always singularly touching,—and always earnest.

We have of late years had a number of books about Ireland, many of them moving and strangely illuminating, but if a Saxon may hazard the opinion, this is certainly one of the wittiest and perhaps the wisest of them all.

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The Artist in Economics

WHAT VEBLEN TAUGHT. Selected Writings of Thorstein Veblen edited with an introduction by Wesley C. Mitchell. New York: The Viking Press. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by ELI GINZBERG

SHORTLY after the turn of the century, a young, well-connected, and promising professor of economics at the University of Chicago wrote a letter of recommendation for his teacher and colleague, an older, unworldly, and enigmatic scholar. Veblen, long unorthodox in matters intellectual, had of late given trouble to Mrs. Grundy; even a liberal university could not condone this twofold deviation. He was in search of a job and Wesley Mitchell was aiding in the process. The deliberate and meticulous artificer of quantitative economics penned a letter remarkable for its lack of caution and restraint. After stating that as a student of social questions Veblen had qualifications greater than any man in the country, Mitchell went on to prophesy that fifty years hence Veblen would be recognized as the most important figure among economists of his generation.

THORSTEIN VEBLEN
From a portrait by Edwin Burrage Child, courtesy Fine Arts Gallery, Yale University.

Only thirty years have passed but Mitchell has lived to see his youthful enthusiasm justified. No economist, Karl Marx alone excepted, has ever been honored, as Veblen now is, by the publication of an anthology of his most important work. Fitting it is that Mitchell should edit the volume; fortunate it is that he should contribute a lengthy introduction, an open-sesame to Thorstein Veblen, the man and his work.

Respected by the younger generation of economists as a giant in the field, admired by students of intellectual history as one of America's most original thinkers, idolized by social reformers as the Voltaire of the new revolution, Thorstein Veblen is not yet completely secure in his reputation. Skeptics—a few of true stature, the majority incompetents—are still unable to recognize the contributions of Veblen to the social sciences, especially to economics. They search for analyses and find generalizations; they desire to evaluate factual data but are forced to admire challenging phrases. To them, Veblen is at best an able satirist, at worst a charlatan. The minority is *qua* minority not necessarily wrong. What is the evidence?

Veblen is a monist. Throughout his ten tomes, in "The Theory of the Leisure Class," which marked his debut, as well as in "Absentee Ownership," his last and most mature offering, Veblen played upon the dichotomy of industry and business —of goods and money, of engineers and bankers, of useful work and financial buccaneering. It matters not whether he be discussing instincts, the dynastic state, higher learning, or the industrial arts, his approach remains the same. No systematic treatise, yet all of his writings the epitome of the systematic.

Four theses support his edifice. First, Veblen contends that the techniques of production largely determine the cultural pattern. Secondly, he points out that in every era ideas exist so pervasive that it is necessary to interpret all institutions, social and intellectual, in terms of these preconceptions. Thirdly, he maintains in opposition to the teachings of Christianity and Classical Economics that labor is not irksome. Perhaps, bread cannot be secured without sweat, but the sweat is sweet. Man possesses an instinct for workmanship. Finally, Veblen suspects that throughout the ages men have engaged in competitive ostentation: the Bantu chief has his beads and his feathers; the banker, his country estates and his bank accounts.

The most scientifically inclined nation of modern times has followed the piping of the great romantic who offers it *Boden und Blut* in place of laboratories and machines. Within the short span of ten years, the leaders of the Soviet have played havoc with the preconceptions of revolutionaries and with the attitudes of the backward masses. The incendiarism of modern labor leads one to suspect that the instinct of workmanship has become atrophied. Studies in the ethnology of primitives in Australia and in North America suggest that societies free of competitive ostentation do exist; in these, disappearance into the group rather than emergence from the group is the *summum bonum* of activity.

The four pillars are not too strong. What of the super-structure? Veblen's fundamental juxtaposition of the industrial and pecuniary employments is not logically defensible. Limited resources must be allocated. In capitalistic economies the allocation is performed *via* prices and profits; in communistic economies *via* the insight of the dictator and the power of the secret police. Only ministers of the gospel and professors of education can penetrate the meaning of "production for use rather than for profit."

The skeptics are surely right: Veblen's logic is weak, his facts disputable. Yet, in reading the selections in the anthology one becomes skeptical of the skeptics. Veblen's analysis of the matter-of-fact ethos of modern civilization in contrast to the animism of the past; his working out of the preconceptions of economics; the correlations which he establishes between technology and culture; the brutal dissection of pecuniary emulation in modern capitalism; the studies of social classes in America; and the essays on modern statecraft suggest that the skeptics' criteria of evaluation must be at fault. If genius be the gift of illuminating the obscure, the significantly obscure, in form disciplined and suggestive, then assuredly was Thorstein Veblen a genius.

For a hundred and more years the major tradition in economics—the anti-Veblenians almost without exception belong to this tradition—concerned itself with writing glosses in cumbersome English and in elementary calculus upon Ricardo's "Principles." For the most part, these scientific economists elaborated doctrines and enunciated dogmas as ponderous and impressive as they were irrelevant, at least for understanding if not for action. Economics was a bastard metaphysics and a utilitarian theology. In breaking with this intellectually sterile discipline, Veblen occasionally took liberties both with his facts and his logic. If adherence to the strictest canons of science was able to present us with such valuable nuggets as the abstinence theory of interest and the productivity theory of wages, it is indeed fortunate that Veblen did not fear to become an apostate. Had he sacrificed art on the altar of science, the world might have been deprived of his studies in the dynamics of technology, in the ideology of the engineering class, in the sabotage of the captains of finance, in the psychology of the consumer. The scientific and the artistic are not mutually exclusive approaches. The classical economists drew pencil sketches not unlike Leonardo's anatomical exercises; Veblen painted a Mona Lisa.

Eli Ginzberg is a member of the staff of the School of Business of Columbia University, and the author of "The House of Adam Smith."

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Trusting in Brains

(*Continued from page 4*)

crat look like thirty cents; but he carried the arts with him, and spent his money on living so skilfully that we still dig up his villas, translate his libraries, and envy the urbanity of his life.

The undergraduate of whom I speak felt all this, even if he did not understand it. He felt a dull resentment against his education, the resentment of a man who has been obscurely fooled or cheated. The ideals of his college education proved not to be viable in the society he was preparing to enter. So far as he understood them they were good, but they did not work. They told him how to live and for what to live—yet no one was living that way, or wanted to, or could. And his professors, who were the experts of his experience, seemed to him voices speaking in a fog, unpractical men, who, if they were wrong as to what the world was like now, were presumably wrong as to what it had been like. He distrusted them. He still distrusts them—and all theorists with them. And he, the typical American undergraduate, is now the typical American public, or at least that part of the American mass that most makes opinion and controls the destiny of a bourgeois civilization.

A LONG RETROSPECT

By F. ANSTEY

The mellow and intimate self-portrait of the witty author, so well-known in the eighties and nineties, of *Vice Versa, The Tinted Venus, The Talking Horse* and those dialogues of inspired idiocy *Voces Populi*. Through these memoirs many readers will discover why their parents found such delight in F. Anstey's writings, and in addition gain a charming picture of the brilliant social and literary London of fifty years ago. *Illustrated.* $3.50

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I could stop here, for this simple analysis contains I believe the best, if by no means the only explanation of the whole matter. But it does not suggest a solution. For an attempted solution we must bring in other evidence, which seems to me striking.

For curiously enough, in one department of our civilization the American has never lost either interest or confidence in values, and has never distrusted the activities of the intellect, even when it has been portrayed in defeat. I mean in literature. Someone remarked in a recent number of *The Saturday Review* that it was natural for reviewers, who are usually also authors, to take the liberal side in any discussion, because the typical creative writer has usually, and especially in America, been liberal in his ideas, and often radical in his principles. That is a broad statement, but with much truth in it. Shakespeare was a conservative with a liberal mind. Washington Irving, our most distinguished reactionary writer, could never be called dictatorial, illiberal, or even dogmatic in his outgoings. And in one kind of radicalism or another most of our great writers—Franklin, Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Holmes, Whitman, Melville, Twain, Howells—have abundantly experimented.

More important for this discussion, the significant American books which have been widely and deeply read, deal to an extraordinary extent with the conduct of life, and, by implication, with the good life. I place here in a scrambled list, "Rip Van Winkle," "Walden," "Huckleberry Finn," "The Scarlet Letter," Emerson's "Essays," the "Leaves of Grass," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Moby Dick," the lyric poetry of Poe, "The Wings of the Dove," "Babbitt," the poems of Robert Frost, the novels of Willa Cather and Ellen Glasgow—and on lower levels the moral or humorous romances among the old best sellers.

In all these books, in different ways and measures, the argument is against a confusion of values, against life without principle, to use Thoreau's phrase, against "State Street" in Emerson, against prejudice and self-deluding infatuation in Mark Twain, against the cheapening of experience in Sinclair Lewis, against the central threat to values implicit in industrialism in the text-book of them all, Thoreau's "Walden."

And I repeat that whatever is said, or done, Americans have steadily read such books with admiration for the principles expressed, and with an imaginative response that goes with the author toward a concept of a better conduct of life. Even in the movies, which represent in literature the demoralization which earlier overtook the other arts, this theme of the good life in opposition to a life without values is often presented, and usually with public success.

My conclusion is like the psycho-analyst's. I propose no cure unless by understanding. This disease of distrust of the intellect is acutely perilous in a civilization grown too complex for laissez-faire, too susceptible to radio and press appeals to the emotions to be safeguarded against disaster by plain common sense, a civilization so dangerously armed with its own machines both of destruction and construction, that while the best brains may fail in the attempt to save it, without brains in intelligent leadership it is quite clearly doomed and lost.

It should be helpful here in America if the class with trained minds and imaginations that move toward public affairs, should understand the nature and the cause of the prejudices that oppose them. Human nature and circumstance being what they are, only a few of these trained minds will be willing or able to devote their energies to public affairs, but the rest are the makers-to-come of public opinion. And for both groups it is essential to comprehend the history of the present dislike of leadership in science, philosophy, and logic. Under the best possible conditions such leadership would always have against it the old enemies—vested interests, pork, patronage, demagoguery, and Falstaff's very human feeling that young men must live whatever happens to the public pocketbook. And it would always be subject to the errors and weaknesses of the theorist and experimenter. Discount all this, and still it is true that the country distrusts the brains of the planner and the thinker, because the country was taught in its youth thinking, planning, theorizing for the good life at a time when they did not work, when the nation wanted not a good life but immediate success, when a program for a well conducted future not only kept a young man down but also got in the way of every individualist trying to get rich quick by mining our forests, stripping our grass lands, squandering our oil and coal, crowding our slums, and unbalancing production and consumption. We have changed, or are changing our philosophy, but old prejudices die hard.

The foregoing article, in slightly different form, was delivered as the Phi Beta Kappa oration before the Columbia University chapter of the society.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 115)

OLIVER HERFORD—
"THIS GIDDY GLOBE."

According to Moses . . . immorality is an heirloom handed down to us by our First Parents. Men of Science, on the other hand, declare it to be merely the psycho-neurotic reaction of climatic environment on the celliferous organism.

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A Great Craftsman

TIMOTHY COLE: WOOD ENGRAVER. By Alphaeus P. Cole and Margaret Ward Cole. New York: The Pioneer Associates. 1936. *Limited to 750 Copies.* $7.50.

Reviewed by FRANK JEWETT MATHER

THIS is a son's tribute to a father, but the tribute of a son who, with no waiver of filial piety, has sufficient detachment to relish the eccentric aspects of the most delightful of men and fathers. The literary tact is perfect. Never losing sight of the importance of the craftsman, memory plays charmingly about the engaging foibles of the man. Everything is well proportioned, of a delicate truthfulness, the portraiture at once sketchy and cumulative. Among brief biographies this should take a permanent position of importance. The make of the book is simple and of fastidious taste, and the nineteen impressions from Timothy Cole's blocks of many periods give an adequate notion of his position as an artist. It is a book which no one who is interested in American wood engraving, or for that matter in the humors of mankind generally, can afford to miss.

In 1868 an English immigrant, Skinner Cole, was wandering the streets of Chicago with his sixteen year old son, Walter Sylvanus Timotheus. They were in search of a lithographer's shop, at which the lad might be articled. The sign of a commercial wood engraver caught their eye. They decided it would do as well, and Timothy Cole was started on his career. The apprenticeship was shortened to three years by the Chicago fire. At New York young Timothy promptly got work for *Frank Leslie's Illustrated, Hearth and Home,* and *The Scientific American.* Soon he attracted the attention of S. R. Koehler of the Boston *Art Journal,* and of James Sutton of the *Aldine Press,* both highly considered art magazines. On the strength of this new patronage, he married at twenty-three. Most diligent and intelligent of craftsmen, Timothy Cole was an enthusiastic experimentalist in various avocations—music, dietetics, religion.

He had carefully studied the best wood engraving available to him, that of the English radical, W. J. Linton, head of the so-called old school, who held that a reproductive art wood engraving should assert its own idiom, while Cole stood with the new school in insisting that wood engraving should make every sacrifice required by reproduction. This faith naturally brought him into contact with the great champion of the new school, Alexander W. Drake, successively art editor of *Scribner's* and of the *Century.* In August, 1877, Cole being twenty-five, he published in *Scribner's* the first pure white line wood engraving, after J. A. Kelly's "The Gillie Boy," and his reputation within the bounds of the craft was brilliantly established.

At thirty-one Cole suggested to Drake that it would be well to engrave rather from paintings than from photographs, and better from the old masters than from contemporary artists. So at the end of 1883 Cole sailed for Europe, leaving wife and children on a rashly acquired Long Island farm, with a contract for a year's work. The year stretched to twenty-seven. In 1886 Mrs. Cole and the children joined him. Cole sojourned in England, France, Italy, and Spain, producing those exquisitely carved wood blocks which soon made his fame and eventually his modest but sufficient fortune. It was a strange life. Cole shone equally as a stern dietician, as a master of revels, as a pioneer nudist bather, as an occasional *bon vivant.* The account with the home office went up and down. At times he owed in the thousands; at times he was a little ahead. The reproductions of the old masters went far to make the artistic reputation of the *Century.* The royalties on the album publication, which the publishers handsomely granted to Cole without legal obligation, came to the rescue, and after twenty-seven years of the most delightful and chancy work in Europe, Cole returned to America, at fifty-eight, full of fame and with a net capital of $750.

Conditions had greatly changed. Process engraving had made reproductive wood engraving a superfluity. Such high class family magazines as the *Century* were already on their business last legs. But the patronage of such intelligent amateurs as the Wideners and Sir William Van Horne, enabled Cole to stabilize his modest household gods at Poughkeepsie and made his last years relatively comfortable. Honors came to him abundantly; many medals, membership in the National Academy of Design and in the American Academy. All this left him absolutely unspoiled; the quaint, benevolent, eccentric, intelligent gnome that nature had made him. He died in 1931 in his seventy-ninth year.

Reviewing Cole's ideas, all the pother about new school and old school seems wasted effort—a fruitless civil war in the face of a foreign invasion. In a great craftsman like Timothy Cole practice matters much and theory little. There is a certain pathos in his whole career. It was a kind of beautiful dead end. If one were lucky enough to recover the big unpublished blocks after the Italians which were sold for storage charges at Brussels, it would be almost impossible to get wood impressions from them. Neither the printers nor the presses exist today to get everything out of such work. Cole, then, is a beautiful interlude in the art of wood engraving, which keeps alive today as a creative art under principles for which W. J. Linton fought apparently in vain.

Frank Jewett Mather, art critic and professor of art at Princeton University, has written numerous books in his field.

The Marquis of Worcester, lacing Harriette Wilson's stays, &c.

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Issues of Recovery

YOU AND I . . . AND ROOSEVELT. By Charles P. Taft. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1936. $1.

BALANCE OR CHAOS. A NEW BALANCE IN WORLD BASIC INDUSTRIES. By Scoville Hamlin. New York: Richard R. Smith. 1935. $2.

THE PATH TO PROSPERITY. By Gilbert M. Tucker. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by RAY B. WESTERFIELD

THE first of these three books differs from the others in that it concerns itself with the author's views on current questions likely to be prominent and decisive in the election of 1936, whereas the other two books attempt an analysis of the causes of the depression, the faults of present day capitalism, criticism of New Deal activities, and plans for recovery and permanent stability.

Mr. Taft, able lawyer, son of a distinguished father, declares with extreme humility that he is "neither a new dealer (present or passé) nor a Republican candidate for anything, neither a newspaper man nor an expert of any kind, and not even an international banker." He says he "can't and won't . . . damn F. D. R. and all his works," and he has tried to be as fair as he knows "how to be, as accurate as can reasonably be expected, and as positive as anyone should be." He lives up to this position remarkably well for one having such a political tradition to uphold.

His book is a plea for harmony, a program that will not drive the conservatives away and will yet be liberal. He believes that the single issue that has "the utmost weight and importance" and will be able to swing the election is "Relief and Social Security."

He makes an eloquent plea for the moderate attitude, for tolerant discussion of public questions; he brands "current talk about the immediate dangers of autocracy and Fascism in the country" as "poppycock" . . . as "springes to catch woodcocks."

His second plea to moderates is "that you cannot maintain character, honesty, and self-respect without a sound financial plan, and such a plan generally forbids living on deficits." He is, however, indulgent of Roosevelt's inconsistency in his campaign and afterwards as regards public expenditures. He condemns the dual system of federal bookkeeping and the consistent overestimation of expenditures and underestimation of receipts practiced by the President. He condemns the atmosphere of spendthrift generosity at Washington.

The style of the book is free and easy, temperate in statement, and generous toward the Administration. It will no doubt appeal to the Young Republicans but not to the Old Guard. It should find a place in the campaign literature as constructive and stimulative.

Mr. Hamlin divides his book into two parts, Part I, Industry; Part II, Government. In the former "the unwritten law of supply and demand is carried one step forward so as to account for capacity (*i.e.*, regularity of operation) in both sides of the equation," and "the application of this new principle of balance to industry is considered." In the latter "the new principle is employed as a basis for the reconstruction of government."

The traditional concepts of supply and demand are, he says, not satisfactory in modern times, as they were framed in the precapitalistic era of industry. The need for a more balanced distribution between capital creation and consumption runs through the book. Mr. Hamlin proposes a plan of giving a capital value to labor —to human beings—as it is now to the other physical instruments of production (land, raw materials, plants, equipment, means of transport), and of dividing the total earnings between labor and these other instruments, on a basis that means balanced industry, stable growth, and escape from the waste of idle hands through changing technology, the business cycle, and exhaustion of natural resources.

The style of his book is highly repetitive and difficult to read on account of technical uses of economic terms in strange meanings, on account of poorly ordered chapters, and far-fetched inferences and deductions. The work suffers from unproved assumptions about excessive capital formation, saturation of capital and population, and increasing technological unemployment and inadequacy of consumers' income. Mr. Hamlin does not work out a plan of practical application with enough definiteness to hint its feasibility. It does, however, drive home with force the pervading influence of the use made of capital gains and of the cyclical nature of capital expansion.

Mr. Tucker's book consists of four parts: I. *Why we are here,* in which he describes our present predicament and analyzes the reasons therefor; II. *What we are doing,* which outlines the activities of the New Deal; III. *What we should do,* in which he advocates a government of law and not of persons, a government devoted to justice and not to philanthropy, the appropriation of economic rent, the correction of corporation abuses, private ownership and operation of public utilities, the single tax, the abolition of the protective tariff and of inheritance and of special privileges of labor; IV. *How it would work*—a program and a prospect.

The philosophy of the book is that of "natural law," and the general indictment of the New Deal is its utter want of insight into these determining eternal principles of social progress and of its naively foolish efforts to ignore and override them. The author is a true disciple of Henry George, admiration for whom is frequently voiced, and he has in a remarkable degree the same felicitous style and diction that make Henry George such good reading. The greatest service of the book is to point accurately and poignantly to the fallacies and impossibilities of the New Deal, in language that will be read for language's sake if nothing more. His criticisms and program are permeated with Henry George philosophy and approach, and the book is essentially a plea for laissez faire and the elimination of special privileges that defeat or restrain laissez faire. Nevertheless he is not a rank conservative, but a moderate and rationalist.

A Good German and a Good European

GUSTAV STRESEMANN—HIS DIARIES, LETTERS AND PAPERS. Edited and Translated by Eric Sutton. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1935. *Vol. I.* $5.

Reviewed by BORIS ERICH NELSON

FOR us who were privileged to know him, Stresemann was a German of the old order, a worker, honest, honorable, straightforward, sincere, passionate in his devotion to his people. He was "a good German and a good European." "For eight years he had borne alone Germany's destinies on his shoulders, as the men who had fought at Marathon had borne alone the fate of Europe on the points of their long spears," wrote R. T. Clark in his book "The Fall of the German Republic." But more than that, on Stresemann's shoulders fell the Herculean job of keeping together and afloat the raft of a sorely tried nation in the throes of lost self-confidence and under the vile pressure of a lost war during the years of Ruhr and Rhineland occupation, the humiliating "Passiver Widerstand," the inflation that brought Schacht to the foreground, the interior harassings of a communist Saxony, a fascist Bavaria, the murder of Rathenau and Erzberger by the first rootlings of Hitlerism, and on to the end. All these years of intense suffering and dangerous steering through turbulent waters around edged cliffs are mirrored, accented, if not all explained, in these letters and notes, in which Stresemann still further expands his ideal of organized, guaranteed peace. True enough, he was a monarchist, as he believed a monarchy to be the only form of government fit for the German people. Stresemann often believed in armed protest and in exhibition of self-confident strength—all of it makes him stronger, greater as the man of the middle class, the ardent patriot who lived and slaved for what was dear to him: country and family. Was he truly a great man, or was he the opportunist-politician who knew how to take advantage, even if it meant the shifting of policy?

It is regrettable that one must bother with such a question, but too many times it has been asked. Stresemann was great, no doubt the greatest statesman of Germany since 1914 and one of the leading diplomats of the post-war world, who has left a definite imprint on his nation and her neighbors. He married a Jewess —a woman who was his only refuge in a life of steady opposition, a woman whom he loved and worshipped with all the sincerity and romantic piety of a German and an artist. And for this and other reasons his name today is erased from street signs, hardly mentioned in history books, never spoken in public, his family broken by accusation and condemnation. Thus a people pays a man who wore himself to death for his country.

In his editing Eric Sutton deserves unreserved praise, for here is an English record that tells of Germany's struggle to survive, better and more intelligibly than anything printed to date.

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The Clearing House

CONDUCTED BY AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.

A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

AS THE EARTH TURNS. By Gladys Hasty Carroll. *Macmillan.*

THE SEA AND THE JUNGLE. By H. M. Tomlinson. *Dutton.*

EDUCATION AND THE GOOD LIFE. By Bertrand Russell. *Boni & Liveright.*

Some Recent Reference Books

THERE have come to my desk within recent weeks a number of books which should prove so useful to those who are members of literary clubs or to the general reader who finds himself halted on occasions by the semi-scientific terms which writers throw into their works with the unconcern that Bella Wilfer complained the COMPLETE BRITISH HOUSEWIFE said "Take a salamander," that I am stealing space briefly to comment on them here. First of all comes A HANDBOOK TO LITERATURE (Doubleday, Doran), by William Flint Thrall and Addison Hibbard, a book which should prove a very ready help in trouble. The authors have gathered together a vast number of terms and mechanical matters of form and history, items of all sorts which, understood, enrich the context in which they appear and hazily comprehended may only tend to obscure it, have arranged them alphabetically and added to them a chronological outline of English and American literary history, and furnished the whole with a brief preface outlining their scheme of procedure. Thus the volume becomes dictionary, rhetoric, and literary handbook all in one. Here, for instance, is an entry defining "doctrinaire" with allusions to the work of Johnson, Carlyle, and Godwin to elaborate its explanation, followed by a note on "doggerel" with a bit of verse by way of added illustration, and that succeeded in turn by a page of comment on "domestic tragedy" as a form of the drama. And here again are three pages on Puritanism ending with a cross-reference to "Calvinism," followed by "purple patch," "pyrrhic," its definition amplified by a scanned line, and a little later by a reference to the *Quarterly Review*. The chronological tables, prefaced by brief notes summarizing the outstanding characteristics and works of the period under notice, have their literary entries supplemented by historical so that the literature of the age can be projected against the course of political events. A highly useful book.

Next comes a volume which is the result of the enterprise of the Massachusetts Library Association in attempting to fathom the taste of some of the most judicious readers of their state. BOOKS WE LIKE (Massachusetts Library Association) it is entitled, and in it are to be found sixty-two answers to the request: "Please choose, and give reasons for your choice, ten books, exclusive of the Bible and Shakespeare, dictionaries, encyclopedias, and other ordinary reference books, that you believe should be in every public library." The lists naturally overlap considerably (the editors have digested them and arranged their titles in order of popularity before presenting the individual selections) and to a large extent are conventional in character, but they include also a variety of books not to be found on the usual tabulations. The contributors to the symposium supply short introductory comment on their choices. Anyone who follows their selections will be sure of interesting reading.

For some time past now there has been running weekly in *The Literary Digest* a small box titled "WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?" presenting the occupation and the pronunciation of the names of persons of note or of public interest. The conductor of the department, Charles Earle Funk, has now gathered some of these together, added new entries to the old, given the whole the title of his box, and published the book through Funk and Wagnalls. The pronunciations have been secured either direct from the individuals whose names are included or from persons close enough to them to speak authoritatively for them.

More special in its usefulness, but a volume which should prove valuable to literary clubs as well as to any other group, is Robert D. Leigh's GROUP LEADERSHIP (Norton). This is intended for the person who sits on committees, presides at meetings, or is merely one of an association, small or large, organized for cultural or civic purposes, and covers the proceedings of a group from its intellectual approach to its problems to its actual deliberations and the organization and conduct of its meetings. Appended to the main body of the volume are modern rules of procedure.

Help Wanted

R. M. R. of Ocean Park, Calif., writes: "First, I should like to have the words of the song, "Mavourneen," by Aylward. I tried to get it at a music store, and they sold me "Kathleen Mavourneen" instead, which I don't want. Through the Song Index in the library I find that the words are given in a collection called "Bass Songs," but we haven't that work in the library.

"Second and worse, I have been asked to try to trace a continued story and find out whether it has ever appeared in book form. The title is supposed to be: "Long Shorty and Dan Purdy." The author might be Irvin S. Cobb. It is remembered to have appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*, probably around 1905. I have looked in the two short story indexes which the library has, the *Reader's Guide*, and have written the *Saturday Evening Post*. The latter cannot trace it."

BORZOI

Swamp Shadow

BY KATHARINE HAMILL

IN the deep South, in that strip of swamp land which touches the Gulf Coast of Mississippi and stretches back into the forest, there are families to whom the civilization of the cities is a thing heard of but unseen, unfelt—a strange race, almost primitive in character. From them came Rachel Roper, the one strong, healthy and gifted woman of the region. Her story—her violent yet glowing love story—is the heart of this fine novel, out of which arises an incomparable picture of the life and mind of a lost people.

"Undeniably a good job. It is written with reticence and distinction. Miss Hamill, obviously, is a shrewd and intelligent observer."
—*New York Times*

"Katharine Hamill has caught these people with a firm, effortless method of characterization, and they bulge from the printed page with a startling directness. Written with taste and restraint . . . it succeeds brilliantly."
—*New York Herald Tribune*

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BOOKS

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The New Books

Belles Lettres

INTIMATE THINGS. By Karl Capek. Putnams. 1936. $2.

These are pleasant essays. How is one to read them? You don't sit down and read a book of essays from beginning to end. You open it somewhere and read one or two. You lay it aside and pick it up again and read one or two more. You skip around in it, to get the feel of the author's mind. We opened this and first read a well-reasoned argument that the old belief that women couldn't keep a secret was really all tosh; they are the truly secretive sex. That seemed to make sense. Then we read about "Two Kinds of People," of which we seemed to be Mr. Capek's kind. Then we read that the greatest joy in life was the luxury of advising your neighbor. As we live among literary critics and are constantly reading them, it made us smile. We had just been reading a critic who was all of a rosy glow advising an established and reckonable artist how he had taken entirely the wrong turning in life and run out in the sand. That critic must be feeling prime! Then there's the little piece, "A Clean Job," in which the author suggests that workmen, besides demanding better wages, might well demand better *jobs* too, instead of working for a swindle of shoddy stuff. That's a neat idea! In fact the essays that we have read are all neatly written. The energetically earnest would say they were of no particular importance. We don't suppose they are. But the Czech dramatist has wisdom in him. And he talks well about dreams and good resolutions and cats and birds. Also he knows all about how to be truly idle; which is, to be sure, *anathema maranatha* to the Earnest of today. He is both amused and amusing; and he obviously has enough faults to be engagingly human. Dora Round's translation is very smooth.

W. R. B.

Fiction

I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES. By Hubert Skidmore. Doubleday, Doran. 1936. $2.

The worst trouble with literary prizes is that their very existence creates an almost irresistible pressure toward awarding them. They are usually awarded, whether or no. If a judicious publisher receives, in the regular way of business, a hundred footling manuscripts, he can furnish a hundred rejection slips as readily as ninety-nine; but a prize committee receiving the same hundred manuscripts almost invariably crowns the least footling. The burden is not on the manuscript to assert an irrefutable claim; it is on the poor judges to turn up something that will pass in a crowd.

When Miss Ruth Suckow and the Messrs. Sinclair Lewis and Webb Waldron unite on "I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes" as the best piece of fiction submitted in the 1935 competition for the Avery Hopwood and Jule Hopwood Awards, it is no tax on the credulity to believe that it was the best submitted. But when one gets to the book itself one finds it to be a local-color-and-dialect novel of a sort which Howells was regarding with mirth so long ago as 1891 (without, however, effecting any noticeable reduction of the annual supply). A Blue Ridge Mountains family of poor whites is driven from its impoverished upland acres to industrial employment in lumbering. The children begin to go to the devil, the father is killed at his work, and the grim, heroic mother takes a remnant of her brood back to the mountain farm. The matter is prevailingly trite, the writing stodgy; and scores of pages are given to mere exploitation of the manners and customs in a way which repeatedly stops the story dead in its tracks.

It is open to the reader to perceive that the credit of letters would be better served if, in these circumstances, the year's income of the prize fund were simply added to the principal or reserved for some glad year which may bring forth *two* contenders, both fully worthy of all encouragement.

W. F.

RABBLE ROUSER. By Charles Morrow Wilson. Longmans, Green. 1936. $2.

Cabe Hargis, the hero of this Arkansas novel, is a plain-spoken son of the soil who remains so to the bitter end. He has a gift for oratory in the vernacular, and specializes in the pithy and homely. "I was raised on salt pork, turnip greens, and pot-licker," he says. "I was trained early how to hold up my breeches with one gallus and two bent nails." He does that to the end, figuratively speaking, even though he eventually becomes Governor. His form of campaigning through the Arkansas countryside is one which rakes in the votes, because he specializes as the country boy having no truck with the city folks. He also sincerely fights for "the underdawg." He believes in the common man.

The colloquialism of this book is often forceful and engaging; and, as it is the story of an honest fighting-man, it has its thrills. The descriptions of native customs and manners in Arkansas are most interesting. But the novel as a whole suffers from monotony, from a process of development that repeats and repeats itself. The best thing about the book is the understanding the author shows of the ways of local politics and big business and monopoly. But trust-busting, in this country, is no longer the way to American salvation. The problem is much bigger than that. Still, though this book has considerable faults as literature, it does celebrate unflinching honesty of purpose, and gives us, even to detailed descriptions of the native food, a solid cross section of modern Arkansas.

L. C. H.

THE UNDAUNTED. By Alan Hart. Norton. 1936. $2.50.

This is the story of a likable, sturdy young American who sublimates his little-boy longing to be an explorer by enlisting in the army of medical crusaders—men "of clear brains unmuddled by wishfulness, of undismayed realism, of cool heads hard to convince of anything." From a hospital laboratory on the West coast he goes to a famous "Institute" in the East, and from there, with the aid of a money prize, to a foundation in Scotland. We are given almost photographic accounts of his hospital and laboratory struggles with the hitherto fatal disease, pernicious anaemia, a great deal of sound information about that baffling condition, and we are introduced to a group of doctors, fine and mean, generous and jealous, which includes practically all the types easily recognized by students in the field of science. To one who knows of Whipple's brilliant work in this spe-

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Current Attractions

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
HIGHLY INFLAMMABLE *Max Saltmarsh* (Little, Brown: $2.)	"Thriller"	Archie Lumsden, big, and British, finds intrigue aplenty and two beauteous damsels (one with soul, one without) in mysterious Istanbul. Stakes: oil for the good little boys; heroin for the bad.	Cherry-Coke
SCHOOL FOR LOVE *Lorine Pruette* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.)	Novel	Southern belle hies to Paris for trousseau and finds oo la la excitement. But gal plays the level route and winds up in the arms of her Tennessee boy-friend.	Racy pace
MEN ARE SO ARDENT *Gerald Kersch* (Morrow: $2.50)	Novel	Gal, a beauteous maiden, plays the 49er game with smile, charm, and shovel. But alas, comes the day of reckoning and what follows brings on the weeps.	Weak
GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT *Baroness Von Hutten* (Dutton: $2.)	Mystory	Two married dames, plenty nuts, connive to biff-off their mates. The pay-off is just too, too thrilling but the odor lingers on.	Rawther punko

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cific investigation, it may be a little upsetting to have the steps in his discovery ascribed to a fictitious character, yet after all, we suppose there is no rule against novelizing even the discovery of America and naming the discoverer Ed Jones, if the author feels so inclined.

The book is refreshingly free from sentimentality, and should interest particularly all medical students. One wonders, however, if any fictionizing of scientific research can ever achieve the drama and excitement offered by the unadorned facts.

M. S. U. (M. D.)

MR. PELLY'S LITTLE HOME. By Ralph E. Mooney. Longmans, Green. 1936. $2.

This book is the case history of a Caspar Milquetoast stripped of his funny paper mask and drawn with the pale, hard pencil of reality. You have seen Mr. Pelly a thousand times as he hurries home from work—"a gray-templed little man with thick glasses and a puffed, solemn mouth." He is humble, and hard-working, and simple as a newborn babe, and the world has sponged on him for all he's worth. His office, his church, his country, and even his beloved little home, have mortgaged away his soul.

You want to laugh at Mr. Pelly for being such a sucker, but you can't quite do it. Through dry understatement, through half-flippant allusions to shyster contracts, Liberty Bonds, and church "progress" the canny author somehow makes you feel responsible for Mr. Pelly's predicament. You leave him guiltily in the boom years of the 1920's. You see his wife turning into a drudge, his children disgruntled, his little home falling to pieces. The author does not have to complete the picture.

D. K.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES 1936. *Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Houghton Mifflin.* 1936. $2.50.

POST STORIES. Little Brown. 1936. $2.50.

You'll find good stories in both these collections. There are twenty-one selected from the *Saturday Evening Post*, and more in the O'Brien book, nine of which are from the magazine *Story*. Mr. O'Brien is a bit sensitive and fidgety in his Introduction to his collection. We wish he'd sit stiller. The *Post* editors aver in their more laconic foreword that "best" and "story" have always seemed to them strange bed-fellows. Still, everybody knows the word "best" is used more as a convenience than anything else. If, either when you imitate Hemingway rather well, as does Roaldus Richmond, or rather badly as does a youngster, Calvin Williams, in any case you get into Mr. O'Brien's collection, it can't be said to mean very much. He has two love stories, one from *The Atlantic*, and by far the harder to do, which is one of the best dialect stories we have read for a long time, and the other from the new *American Prefaces*, which he thinks the most promising fledgling magazine of fiction that there is. Howell Vines, author of the former, and Robert Whitehead, author of the latter, are both real writers. Then, too, there's Albert Maltz's story, "Man on a Road," from *The New Masses*, simple and powerful as a pile-driver. William Faulkner, of course, and Roger Burlingame and A. H. Z. Carr (whoever he is—we remember his story well from reading it in *Harper's*), and Roy Flannagan, and Martha Foley, and Elizabeth Hall are all good—but we expected more of Michael Fessier and Tess Slesinger.

If one can wade along through the detail of the first half of Richard Sherman's opening story in the *Saturday Evening Post* collection, dealing as it does with New Yorkers essentially boring, clever as is his catching of the lingo we all know so well, the story does justify itself, though not its length, in the end. The moneyed smart people of Manhattan who have been so glamorous to themselves now for several decades don't make the best stories any more. They don't do enough to justify their being alive. Major Thomason's "The Sergeant and the Spy" is a good yarn, though, and, in general, there is more amusement in this collection than in the other, and a remarkable amount of competence within narrower limits. Stribling and Tom Beer and Marquand can write—and there are other popular favorites. The tone of the book is more that of entertainment.

W. R. B.

Brief Mention

A "sheaf of recently discovered newspaper articles" by Walt Whitman has just been published by Emory Holloway and Ralph Adimari under the title *New York Dissected* (New York: Rufus Rockwell Wilson, $6). * * * A historical monograph throwing much light on the use which the Spanish monarchs made of the Inquisition to further their own purposes is *The Chuetas of Majorca* by Baruch Braunstein (Mennonite Publishing House, Scottdale, Pa., $2.50). * * * A scholarly survey of the ideas which lie behind literature is *The Concept of Nature in Nineteenth-Century English Poetry* by Joseph Warren Beach (Macmillan, $5), with an introductory essay on the metaphysical concept of nature. Wordsworth, Shelley, Goethe, Carlyle, Emerson, Whitman, Arnold, Browning, Meredith, Swinburne, and Hardy are discussed. * * * The difficult field of esthetics supplies another book called *Aesthetic Analysis* by D. W. Prall of Harvard (Crowell, $2). * * * John Middleton Murry's *Shakespeare* is a free study which in the author's own words tried to give the "sensation" of Shakespeare. "To the extent that any one, after reading this book, feels that Shakespeare is more real and immediate to his imagination, I shall have succeeded." The book rests upon scholarship but is essentially a production of Mr. Murry's intuitive mind. * * * "In the autumn of 1913 two young English archeologists, C. Leonard Woolley and T. E. Lawrence, were conducting excavations on . . . the site of the ancient Hittite Carchenich." The results of this excavation are at last published in *The Wilderness of Zin*, with a chapter on Greek inscriptions by M. N. Tod and a preface by Sir Frederic Kenyon (Scribner's, $7.50). * * * Three books on the West to be noted are a sketch history of Alaska called *The Alaskan Melodrama*, by J. A. Hellenthal (Liveright, $3.), the history of a pioneer of Old Oregon, *Henry*

(*Continued on next page*)

SPENDING AGAINST THAT RAINY DAY!

YOU are probably going away this summer. You may find yourself out of touch with your usual sources of information about books. And while we wish you the best of luck, after the third consecutive day of rain, you are going to wish that you had done something about having *The Saturday Review* follow you during your vacation. And whether your idea of roughing it consists of simply changing to paper napkins or in existing only on the game you can bring down with your own bow and arrow, *The Saturday Review* still offers you the best possible way of keeping informed on what is going on in the world of books. What's more, the magazine can follow you anywhere in the United States that boasts a Post Office, and at no additional charge.

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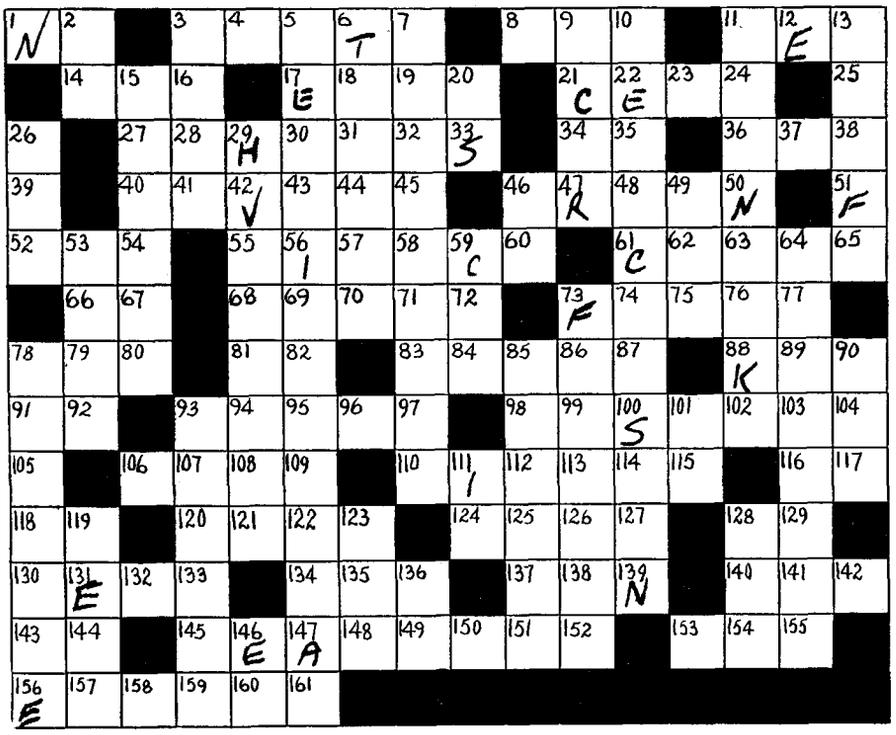
Double-Crostics: No. 116

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-two words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 16 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

I. Star in Ursa Major.

II. Prehistoric stone implement.

III. Aimless.

IV. To restore to good spirits.

V. Quintessence.

VI. Pensive longing.

VII. Jumble.

VIII. Vigilance.

IX. Altar screen.

X. Intense, ardent.

XI. For removing eye substances.

XII. Mother of Judah.

XIII. Let go, detach.

XIV. Pair.

XV. Stupidity.

XVI. To shun.

XVII. British actor (1717-79).

XVIII. Prince in the "Faerie Queene."

XIX. Barnyard fowl.

XX. Scarcity.

XXI. Producing the desired result.

XXII. Proximity.

WORDS

34 114 71 135 93 37

53 95 9 65 81 120 69

161 154 39 63 74 149 126 11 45

97 142 110 122 57 118 68 87

132 117 5 157 99 62

136 150 92 113 137 32 44 106 23 60 67

108 96 143 134 76 66 119 141

15 3 75 30 49 8 103 152 35

155 144 10 160 54 2 16

18 48 153 7 98 77 125 101

115 123 109 86 140 128 82 58

40 159 107 4

55 31 41 104 64 24

83 127 26 105 52 28 90

94 19 145 70 36 79 133 85

91 25 78 121 43 14

46 138 129 102 38 158 124

116 72 112 84 148 20

C H I C K E N
59 29 56 21 88 17 139

13 151 27 89 80 130

E F F E C T I V E
156 51 73 146 61 6 111 42 131

N E A R N E S S
50 12 147 47 1 22 33 100

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Harmon Spalding, by Clifford Merrill Drury (Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho, $3), and *The Crittenden Memoirs*, compiled by H. H. Crittenden, which deal with Governor Crittenden of Missouri who broke up the "James Gang" in the early 80's (Putnam, $3.50). * * * Also note the reprinting of an interesting journal of a whaling voyage 1880-1884, by Robert Ferguson, edited by Leslie Dalrymple Stair. The book is called *Harpooner* and is published by the University of Pennsylvania Press ($2.50). * * * Note finally an exceedingly interesting little book published for the Soil Conservation service, the Re-Settlement Administration, and the Rural Electrification Administration, by H. S. Person, Consulting Economist. It is called *Little Waters* and is a study well documented and excellently illustrated with graphs, photographs, and maps of the relation of head water streams and other little waters to the land. This in simple language and good expository style is an interesting and most impressive study of the effects of erosion and methods which can be used to check it. This little book got out by the United States Government Printing Office in Washington reminds one in its excellence of presentation and its adaptation to the untechnical reader of the books got out by the Soviet Government to impress upon their populations the importance of planning for the benefit of mankind. There is, however, no political or governmental propaganda in this book.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

SILVERMINE TAVERN AND GALLERIES, Norwalk, Conn. Tel. 2300. An old time country inn. One hour from N. Y. Booklet R on request.

AN OLD NEW ENGLAND FARMHOUSE offers you a summer in the country on the open ocean: lobster, new peas, blueberry pie; a wood fire; no radio. Rates $20. The Breakers, Vinalhaven, Maine.

SURPRISE BOXES, Birthday or Convalescent, for children 3 to 10 years. Prices: $5.00 and $10.00. Kindly give name, age, and favorite interest of child when ordering. "Windwards," P. O. Box 114, Wyncote, Pa.

"DON'T-SNORE"—Small, gold device. Prevents snoring, mouth-breathing, $1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. Circular free. D. K. Thaxly Company, Washington, D. C.

YOUNG MAN, 25, wishes to exchange personal services for room and board while studying in Washington, D. C. One year beginning next September. Vicinity of Columbia Heights. Box 366-B.

SNUG CAMP—In beautiful woods on Unami Creek, forty miles north Philadelphia, Pennsylvania Dutch country. Completely equipped, four persons. Stone fireplace. Country store quarter mile. Secluded summer living or week-ending. Season, $75. References required. Immediate occupancy. Box 367-B.

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PERSONALS

SUMMER AT PEMAQUID POINT, between a quiet bay for swimming and Maine's highest sea-cliffs for surf. Spruce woods, blueberry meadows, quiet. Lobsters, chowder, open fires. Very reasonable. Bradley Inn, Pemaquid Point, Maine.

GRAND MANAN IS. Offers restful and quiet vacation cottages surrounded by sea and woods; open fires; green vegetables; no radio; reasonable rates. Address: Whale Cove Cottage, Grand Manan Is., Canada.

GREENVINE INN, HILLSDALE, N. Y. At the Western Gateway of the Berkshires. Small, simple, quiet. Moderate rates.

FOR FRIENDS with literary tastes, write Box 94, Somerville, N. J. (Enclose stamp.)

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN STUDENT, 21. Chauffeuring and secretarial experience. Studied national scenic wonders, geologic and physiographic viewpoint; could conduct tour and tutor painting, drawing, and elementary academics. Good personality and likes children. References and other capabilities given on request. David Wilkie, 627 Mendota Court, Madison, Wisconsin.

NEW YORK GENTLEMAN, cultured, cheerful and in his thirties, fond of music, the theatre, arts, literature, and the great outdoors, would like to exchange letters with young lady of similar tastes. Box 363-B.

A NEW ENGLAND HOME for liberals. Write, study, recreate. Reasonable. Box 471, Derby Line, Vt.

YOUNG BACHELOR in California, Jewish, wants interesting correspondence with unattached young lady. Box 357-B.

WANTED—Small furnished apartment or studio in exchange for instruction in Playwriting and Narrative Construction. Unusual opportunity to gain mastery under expert. Box 364-B.

WIRELESS OPERATOR, 24, wishes position for summer (or longer) offering opportunity to travel. Commercial vessel, yacht, expedition, or anything interesting. Licensed since 1930. Box 365-B.

SEEKING IRISHMAN! Suffocated by Connecticut Yankee pseudo-intellectuals, girl, 27, seeks human interests. Box 369-B.

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

THE Book Exchange of the University of Oklahoma recently held its first book auction, and believes it the first such event conducted by a college bookstore. ☞News of the college bookstores always pleases Old Q. ☞A couple of the Q. Associates went last week to visit the office and showroom of the newly organized United University Presses at 232 Madison Ave. U. U. P. is a service organization for university presses and similar organizations—such as libraries which publish books—offering to carry on any or all of the activities of publishing for the individual press: selling, manufacturing, shipping, billing. Each press can make a different arrangement with U. U. P., according to its needs. Meanwhile U. U. P. is putting representative university press books in its display room, and is organizing a bureau of information on books in print, out of print, or in preparation. ☞We were particularly fascinated by the Wheeldex, a rotary card filing system capable of listing some 20,000 titles. ☞ United University Presses was organized by Farrar & Rinehart; its officers include John Farrar, President; Stanley Rinehart, Vice-President; Frederick R. Rinehart, Secy.-Treas.; and Helmut L. Ripperger, for the last seven years with the Oxford University Press, Director. ☞Mr. Ripperger pointed out that U. U. P. does not encroach upon the separate entities of its clients—the name of United University Presses will not appear on the books it handles. ☞The Q. Associates wish all success to this venture: there have been many university press books which would have reached a larger public if some of the presses, particularly the smaller or more remote ones, had had better distribution facilities. And an idea like this ought to be a valuable stimulus to regional publishing.

☞A quotation for Dorothy Sayers, who chose such admirable extracts for chapter headings in her last novel:—"Let's have one other Gaudy Night" ☞which is what Antony said to Cleopatra, Act IV, Scene 1, line 182. ☞An excellent way to celebrate the Texas Centennial would be for Doubledays to put all O. Henry's grand stories about Texas into a book and sell it to Lone Star fans. ☞Glad to see the progress of A. Edward Newton's *Trollope Society*. The Modern Library has issued an attractive reprint of *The Warden* and *Barchester Towers* in one volume, with a genial preface by A. Edward. ☞This makes the perfect introduction to Old Anthony, for 95 cents. ☞Men of my age," says Mr. Newton, "do not laugh much or heartily; they have seen and know too much of the world." He adds that some of Barchester Towers makes him laugh "as outrageously as anything in *Pickwick*." ☞The biggest drop in prices: the Storisende edition of Cabell, 18 vols., from $180 to $22.50 (at the Chiswick Book Shop, 3 West 51). ☞A catalogue notation that always pleases Old Q., "with numerous ills. of the author." We notice a First of *Aurora Leigh* (1857) listed at $15. Does anyone read that curious work nowadays? ☞Two talented young writers, Lionel Wiggam and Samuel French Morse, are studying this summer at the Cummington School in the hills of Massachusetts. Cummington was the village old William Cullen Bryant came from. ☞We were sorry to hear of the death of Marmaduke Pickthall whose *Saïd the Fisherman* gave us much pleasure years ago. Mr. Pickthall left England in his youth, lived in Syria and became a master of Oriental tongues. ☞Glad to note the friendly reception everywhere given to Joseph Henry Jackson's informal and humorous book about his tour in Mexico —*Mexican Interlude* (Macmillan). Best stunt was Charles Poore's review in the N. Y. *Times*, engagingly written as if by a Mexican and signed "Carlos Poore." ☞Xenophon P. Smith, one of Nebraska's most diligent bibliophiles, says he couldn't keep out of the book business and has reopened at the Conant Hotel, Omaha, where he hones to hear from the inquisitive in ink. ☞Ellen R. Ward, of West Tisbury, Martha's Vineyard, Mass., says her Arbutus Patch, an ancient cottage favored by writers and artists, is unexpectedly without a tenant for this summer. Dr. Hans Zinsser wrote part of *Rats, Lice, and History* there—the History part. ☞The Rosenbach Company says the error *Admirable* for *Admiralty* (*T. W.*, May 30) was on the Conrad pamphlet itself and *not* an error in their catalogue. Apology! ☞Doubleday Doran have issued a biographical booklet about Kenneth Roberts, including an essay on Mr. Roberts's historical researches by C. H. Leonard of Phillips Exeter Academy. Copies of the booklet may be had gratis from D. D. & Co., Garden City, N. Y.

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